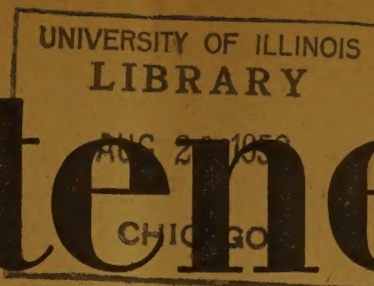


The Listener



Published weekly by the British Broadcasting Corporation, London, England



'A Frightened Horse', by Géricault, in the City Art Gallery, Leeds: Mr. Quentin Bell has revisited the art collections at Leeds and discusses them on page 214

Triangle of Destiny—II: Japan

By Tibor Mende

Retreat from Town Planning

By Robert Matthew

Bridges Over the Kwai

By Ian Watt

Mr. Nixon and the 'Captive Nations'

By Alistair Cooke

A Song about Major Eatherly

By John Wain

Henry James and a Sense of Identity

By William Walsh

A la carte!



Very enjoyable, foreign travel. But you need to know the ropes. Otherwise you're likely to find yourself à la carte (which is fractured French for 'in the cart'). Fortunately for travellers, we know the ropes, at least so far as they concern money matters and exchange regulations. And we've put a lot of helpful information on these subjects into a booklet called 'The Joys of Travel'. There's a copy waiting for you at any branch of ...

MIDLAND BANK LIMITED

HEAD OFFICE: POULTRY, LONDON, E.C.2



Say 'Noilly Prat'
and your French will be perfect

Zestful, invigorating, yet delightfully soft and mellow. With Noilly Prat in your glass you can say "good health" and really mean it.



Ask for gin and Noilly Prat and know you're getting gin and French the original dry Vermouth.

NOILLY PRAT
FRENCH VERMOUTH



Sole Importers: WM. CHAS. ANDERSON & CO., 8 LIME STREET, LONDON, E.C.3.

WEST LONDON

INVESTMENT BUILDING SOCIETY

4½%

Income tax paid by the Society
the equivalent of a gross yield (with income tax at the standard rate of 7/9d. in the £) of **7¼%**

*No fixed term restrictions
Withdrawal at one month's notice*

A sound investment with a good return is offered by the West London Investment Building Society established 1879, on Share Accounts from £1 to £5,000.

For free brochure complete this coupon and send it to:—

C. MONTAGUE F.A.C.C.A., F.B.S.,
West London Investment Building Society,
199 Uxbridge Road, W. 12.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

The Listener

Vol. LXII. No. 1584

Thursday August 6 1959

REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O.
AS A NEWSPAPER

CONTENTS

| | | |
|--|--|-----|
| CURRENT AFFAIRS: | B.B.C. NEWS HEADLINES AND PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE WEEK ... | 210 |
| Triangle of Destiny—II: Japan (Tibor Mende) ... | REMINISCENCE: I Served a Maharaja (Sir Conrad Corfield) ... | 212 |
| Mr. Nixon and the 'Captive Nations' (Alistair Cooke) ... | BRIDGE (Harold Franklin and Terence Reese) ... | 213 |
| Critical Months in the Belgian Congo (Colin Legum) ... | ART: | |
| THE LISTENER: | Forgotten Galleries—IV: Leeds (Quentin Bell) ... | 214 |
| Japanese Puzzle ... | LETTERS TO THE EDITOR: | |
| What They Are Saying (Derrick Sington) ... | From Rev. A. Hallidie Smith, Rev. Frank Stone, George Woodcock, Francisco Forgas, and Hugh Dominic Purcell ... | 215 |
| DID YOU HEAR THAT? | CINEMA: | |
| Coral Reefs in the Maldives (Hans Hass) ... | Bridges Over the Kwai (Ian Watt) ... | 216 |
| Holker Hall (Mary Findlay) ... | CRITIC ON THE HEARTH: | |
| Keeping Time (Christopher Serpell) ... | Television Documentary (Hilary Corke) ... | 222 |
| An Engineer of Genius (Christopher Jones) ... | Television Drama (Irving Wardle) ... | 222 |
| TOWN PLANNING: | Sound Drama (Ian Rodger) ... | 223 |
| Retreat from Town Planning (Robert Matthew) ... | The Spoken Word (O. G. W. Stallybrass) ... | 224 |
| LITERATURE: | Music (Scott Goddard) ... | 224 |
| Henry James and a Sense of Identity (William Walsh) ... | MUSIC: | |
| The Listener's Book Chronicle ... | Cinderella Without the Fairy (Dyneley Hussey) ... | 225 |
| LAW: | FOR THE HOUSEWIFE: A Dinner for August (Margaret Ryan) ... | 227 |
| Dangerous Driving on the Roads (A Magistrate) ... | NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS ... | 227 |
| POEMS: | CROSSWORD NO. 1,523 ... | 227 |
| A Song about Major Eatherly (John Wain) ... | | |
| Dinghy Skirting a Reef (Norman MacCaig) ... | | |

Triangle of Destiny—II: Japan

By TIBOR MENDE

IN Japan a friend of mine took me along to a little bar, called Donzoko. Tokyo has four amusement districts and in each of them hundreds of bright neon signs mark the entrances to similar establishments. What made Donzoko different was its name: it meant Lower Depths, and Russian words scribbled across the walls inside left no doubt that it was borrowed from Maxim Gorki.

Like the thousands of similar tiny bars and coffee shops in Japan's cities, Donzoko had a basement and was dimly lit. Its guests sat in lonely meditation or huddled together in the darkest corners. After a few drinks they tended to break into communal singing, usually in French or Russian. There were leftist magazines on the tables and the conversations I overheard were about philosophy, literature, or politics. If Donzoko differed at all from comparable places at Montmartre or in Greenwich Village it was only because its guests appeared to take their roles over-seriously. Their chain-smoking, their meditation with closed eyes, or their passionate debates were all done as if each performer wished to play his own part in what seemed to be a great, obsessive search for something they could believe in.

'Most of the men you were talking to are active in the Zengakuren, the extreme left-wing student federation', my Japanese friend explained after an evening spent in discussion in Donzoko. 'They come here and sing Russian songs, quote Marx and pretend to be against everything connected with the past. But in more intimate conversations they often turn out to be old-fashioned nationalists. They are proud of Japan's war-time military feats, and on television the samurai plays are their favourites. Their passion for Russia and Marx is really a reflection of the ideological vacuum in their minds. I have known many of them who, once

in a good job, turned into conservative nationalists in no time. When their fear of the future is removed they quickly fall back into traditional ways'. That, I thought, summed up the problem of not merely the young but probably of the majority of present-day Japanese.

It is true that Tokyo has electronically-controlled traffic lights, but there are many more policemen who still direct traffic with a paper lantern in their hands. One may be enchanted by spectacular electric advertisements, but on the way home one passes through streets without side-walks and with no electric lighting at all. There are packed houses at nude revues, but I had to queue for hours to get a ticket to a traditional play. In restaurants I could watch American-type television programmes on the screen, but old-time songs about cherry blossom and the inexhaustible adventures of the samurai are much more in demand. Those able to choose between the new flats and a traditional house opt unfailingly for the wooden one with the tiny rock-garden round it. Donations for the repair of old Shinto shrines are breaking all records.

Then, for millions of Japanese the hours spent in office or factory still represent an uncomfortable encounter with the twentieth century. After six in the evening one can see them—as if driven by some collective, atavistic urge—put on their kimonos and their wooden sandals and trip along to the municipal bath-house, just as generations did before them in the same garments and the same sandals. And if some newspapers have the temerity to call the Imperial Palace a traffic obstacle and demand its removal from the heart of Tokyo, I saw thousands queuing for hours in the bitter cold of last New Year's day to see their Emperor as he appeared for a moment on a palace balcony.

One can say that in its post-war swing the pendulum has gone too far. Something new, with its freedoms and dangers, has been tasted and, inevitably, its mark will remain. But the shadow of the past is still overwhelming. The basic and hard realities of Japanese existence have not changed. Indeed, the signs are multiplying that the pendulum may already be swinging back.

Those people who fill Donzoko every night are only samples of a nation whose mental continuity has been abruptly broken. They are like the crew of a boat who have suddenly lost faith in the reliability of their trusted compass. Half-pleased by the sudden release from a disciplined existence, and half-terrified by the dangers implied by drift, they are searching for the right course.

Even in small towns I was surprised by the number of young women who were following the craziest dictates of the latest Paris fashions. A young American painter specializing in incomprehensible blots of colour and who travelled in the same 'plane as I, was received at Tokyo airport by a delirious crowd waving American and Japanese flags. When I stayed with a modest Japanese family in a southern town I was astonished to find that, while eating a poor diet consisting mainly of rice, they sacrificed everything for their cult of gadgets. Their bath was the traditional wooden tub. But they had a refrigerator and a mixer in their kitchen; the father, a librarian, used an electric shaver; and in the evenings the whole family crouched in front of the television screen. In Japanese bookshops I was always in a crowd avidly fingering the latest translations of *avant-garde* Western novels, and the mass-circulation literary reviews analyze in great detail even insignificant Western literary trends.

All these are merely superficial manifestations of the spiritual vacuum caused by the collapse of the pre-war mental world of the Japanese. Yet the reality of that vacuum is underlined by the almost universal fear of the future.

As is evident to any visitor, the Japanese have a remarkably evenly spread aesthetic sense. They can camouflage the ugliness of poverty. By doing so they render it less humiliating and, to that extent, more tolerable. Nevertheless, Japan's poverty is real. Ninety-three million Japanese crowd four islands which together are little more than half the size of France. These islands are poor in raw materials and only a fifth of their surface can be cultivated. Already a fifth of Japan's food has to be imported and her population grows by over 1,000,000 each year.

Yet Japan has never been more prosperous. Most people live better than before the war—thanks to American aid, industrial modernization, and the absence of large-scale defence expenditure. But even if Japan exports more than before the war, her share of world trade is smaller today than it was in the pre-war days. Then, working hours are long and wages are low. Jobs are scarce and thousands compete for each one—it is quite usual for university graduates to apply for manual labour; and most students have to work hard to pay for their education. To lose one's job may mean years of destitution, and unemployment is a chief cause of the high suicide rate.

Statistics show that the average individual income in Japan is about a third of what it is in north-western Europe. A recent White Paper revealed that at least one in every ten Japanese families have to live on a monthly income of 8,000 yen—about £8—or far below subsistence level.

But poverty and an increasing population alone do not explain

Japan's fear of the future. Its roots run deeper. One is traceable to the artificial shift of post-war trade away from Asia. Before the war over half of Japan's imports came from Asia, including her mainland possessions, and nearly two-thirds of her exports went there. Loss of her empire and restrictions on trade with China, imposed by the Americans, have drastically changed what was a natural trade pattern. Today Japan's foreign trade is dis-

persed over the United States, south-east Asia, and other far-away areas scattered all over the globe. Raw materials which used to come from the Asiatic mainland now have to be carried across oceans; and more, and often hard, currency is needed to pay for them.

So Japan has to rely on a more and more vulnerable network of trade while both her population and her appetite for better living are growing. Political complications in the Far East, sharper competition in south-east Asia, or a prolonged recession in the United States—and the whole delicate structure may be upset. The result would be even more Japanese unemployed, even less chance to get a job, still lower living standards, and,

in all probability, the collapse of still fragile post-war political institutions. Understandably, therefore, any prescription that promises to fill the ideological vacuum and, simultaneously, to provide economic security as well, stands a good chance of seducing the Japanese.

Here the communists are well placed. Their ideology is portable and ready-made, and trade with China promises economic security. Yet communism is not a real political force in Japan. True, communists are important in the trade unions, but the electorate almost ignores them; only a segment of youth is enthusiastic. The explanation of their failure is, I think, the Japanese complex about China.

On world maps in Japanese offices and class-rooms Japan is placed in the centre of the world. To the right, beyond the wide ocean, lies the United States which is a big problem. But immediately to the left, its huge red blot overshadowing the thin



The old and the new in modern Japan: a family scene in the traditional wooden house—



—and a Buddhist priest on a motor-scooter in Tokyo

Japanese islands, spreads China which is almost an obsession. In fact, in the contemporary Japanese mind, the problem of China may be likened to an iceberg. Only a small part of it is noticeable on the surface—in admission of its presence and discussion of it. Its threatening mass, however, lies below every important problem in present-day Japan, and might wreck all plans which try to ignore its presence.

The Japanese look upon China's transformation either with incredulity or with admiration. Most of them are dazed by the discovery that the China they once regarded as little more than a potential colony may soon overtake them in production. The recent Chinese trade drive in south-east Asia came as a shock—to the extent that, surprisingly, Japanese newspapers accused China of 'dumping'. Meanwhile, Sino-Japanese trade promotion societies grow like mushrooms, thanks to their promises of prosperity and security for Japan once China's coal and ores can be bartered for Japanese machines. Those who maintain that the rapid industrialization of China will leave her no surpluses of raw materials for export are silenced by assertions that Chinese geologists have discovered important new resources. Be that as it may, respected Japanese industrialists, as well as political sympathizers, make their pilgrimages to Peking. And they all come back with vague but spectacular promises.

Whatever the real possibilities, Japan's fascination with China is growing. The Japanese fear of the future and Peking's propaganda combine to encourage it. The impression is widespread that something decisive is happening in Asia and that Japan, an Asian Power, is prevented from sharing in it. There is an anxious feeling that Japan may find herself cut off from both the motive ideas and the results of that great transformation. And beyond it all there looms the danger that one day China may squeeze Japan out of her essential Asian markets.

Two further factors contribute to this anxiety. Within eighty years—and while her population trebled—Japan transformed herself from a society in which four out of every five of the population lived and worked on the land into one where, today, only two in every five remain there. This was certainly an inspiration for the rest of Asia. And it is only natural that Japan's self-respect was flattered by the conviction that her method of modernization made her an example to the Asian continent. But now another system seems to offer even quicker results and appears to be even more adapted to conditions prevailing in Asia and beyond.

China, as Russia before her, is believed to be building up a considerable framework for scientific education and already turns out scientists and technicians on an impressive scale. Japan achieved her industrial supremacy in Asia by what may be called 'imitative' methods. But to retain her lead she should move towards 'inventive' methods. In other words, instead of mere industrial quantity, Japan should now be planning to export more and more technological quality. But to achieve this there should already have been large-scale investment in education and research. Instead, there is already a shortage of highly qualified technicians and Japanese industry increasingly relies on imported 'know-how'. The chairman of Japan's Science Council himself sadly told me that his government's spending on scientific research was only a third of what was spent on it before the war.

Japan's dilemma is an unenviable one. 'It's true that close economic co-operation with China might offer us economic



A queue of people waiting to enter the grounds of the Imperial Palace to greet the Emperor on New Year's Day

security for many years to come', a high official said to me, 'but in place of American interference we may get Chinese dictation. And we don't want to become another Czechoslovakia'.

But both economic necessity and public opinion are pushing the Japanese to rid themselves of their 'China complex'. While their present prosperity lasts decisions may be postponed. But what then? 'We cannot really negotiate with China as long as we remain so unsure of ourselves', was the way a Japanese friend put it. When I asked him how, then, they will finally do it, his answer was revealing: 'Historical logic dictates our return to strong government and post-war changes haven't gone deep enough to prevent it. Only such a regime, having re-established our self-confidence, could talk with the Chinese'. To my question whether, in the long run, Japan could resist her giant neighbour's gravitational pull, his reply was unhesitating: 'As in the past we may absorb and adapt to our needs much that China does. But the result will never be communism. It will be something strong and Japanese'.

That may be one solution. There are others who believe that after the first steps Japan could not stand still on the slope, or that China would not settle for less than the partnership of a communist Japan. These people believe that in such circumstances population growth and economic pressure might, once again, push Japan towards the adventure of territorial expansion. The chronic weakness of south-east Asia, in their view, offers ample temptation. And though adventure or war appear to be the last things that the Japanese want after their recent experiences it may be prudent not to rule them out altogether.

However, there seems to be the possibility of a third course. Its chance would lie in admission by the non-communist countries of their common interest in each other's survival as non-communist states. It would be built on the assumption that, to keep Japan's economic problems and social tensions within bounds, everything possible should be done to ensure that her present, modest prosperity continues. This would imply that Japan should be able to trade freely with China. It would also mean that the West should increase its own efforts to provide Japan with a reasonable share of world markets. Such moves would remove the emotional basis of Japan's 'China complex' and would allow her to see how far she could go without risking her freedom of action. More trade with the non-communist world would simultaneously lessen the economic suction of the communist bloc. 'It may be too much to expect the two world blocs to collaborate to secure our

(continued on page 215)

Mr. Nixon and the 'Captive Nations'

By ALISTAIR COOKE

WHEN Mr. Nixon left for Moscow, the few advisers along with him confided that his trip would be 90 per cent. diplomacy and 10 per cent. politics. I do not think any sensible American would want to calculate what happened to that equation, but whatever is the truth of it, you can take away at least another 30 or 40 per cent., and put it over on the political or credit side. Most of us guessed that politically the trip could hardly do Mr. Nixon any harm unless he was studiously ignored: only now are we looking over the bald facts of his trip and realizing—as one so often does in politics—that it was bound to take the surprising turn it has. For one thing, when Mr. Nixon left I do not believe one newspaper in a hundred mentioned the awkward little resolution that had gone through the Senate a week before, which, as it happened, turned out to be a thumping diplomatic error: I mean the 'captive nations' resolution. Why we did not know about it—or knowing, bother—was a matter of custom and habit.

Indignation and the Congressmen

Every week some Senator or Congressman asks permission, at the beginning or end of the day's business, to put up a plug or a plea for some cause dear to the hearts of his constituents, like 'Honour our Railwaymen week' or 'Stand by Viet-Nam', which touches 90 per cent. of Congress not at all. But it is always a different 90 per cent. For instance, suppose there is an eminent Pole who has suddenly disappeared inside the Soviet Union; he cannot get home, or he has been openly critical of puppet government, or he is thought to have been put away in one way or another. You may be sure that his story will thunder through the grimy valleys outside Pittsburgh and up the West Side of New York City and in the machine shops of New England—wherever there is a large Polish population in the United States. First- or second-generation Americans with Polish names will write furious letters to their Congressman, and ask him what he is going to do about it, and he, poor fellow, finds himself confronted with the kind of indignation that he dare not brush off.

To make his attitude stick, and also to have some solid record of it, he possibly drafts a small resolution, full of noble words and kind thoughts. It is 'on behalf of the Polish people'. He obtains a co-sponsor for it from the Opposition party, whose constituents, also, have what we call 'the same ethnic background': that is to say, they too are Polish. And one day these two men 'ask for consent', as the saying goes. The sponsor stands up in the Senate or the House and reads off his little tribute to the Poles. He may simply do this to get it in the *Congressional Record*—just as Congressmen have the right to ask that the *Congressional Record* will print some speech they made in Texas or Maine, or even some speech they did not make, but somebody else made and which they found impressive. This custom involves, obviously, a big waste of space, newsprint, time, and the tax-payers' money, but he would be a brave or foolhardy Congressman who got up and objected to the custom. One day he, too, may be moved to admiration by an article or a poem or a speech that touches the kind of people who live in his district.

Politicians everywhere are indulgent to sentiment during an election campaign: candidates who cannot abide milk and who are vague about where it comes from, dare not refuse an udder when it is proffered them by a sympathetic farmer. I will bet there are M.P.s by the score who have not kissed a baby since 1955. Not so in the United States! A politician—especially one who gets elected to Congress—may be a shrewd, unsentimental, even a wise and dignified man, but he is defenceless against the sentimentality of his constituents, especially if they are a mixed bag of several racial origins. It is just not possible for a Congressman from Boston to allow anyone, anywhere, at any time to insult the Irish in his presence. It would have

been political suicide four or five years ago for Senator John Kennedy to get up in the Senate and make thunderous speeches against McCarthy. And, in a smaller way, if you represent, say, the Central Valley of California, you are not going to overlook the anniversary of the Armenian massacres, because an awful lot of your constituents are people whose parents were victims or refugees from those areas. They now live in Merced County, and they harvest fruit and tin it. And, similarly, if somebody in your presence gets off the opinion that William Saroyan is a pretty inferior writer, you are going to deny it strongly, whether or not you have ever read a word of Saroyan.

So it goes, and brings us to the day a couple of weeks ago—a day completely forgotten, until Mr. Nixon and Mr. Khrushchev stood looking at an American dish-washer and started trading insults, a day when Senator Paul Douglas of Illinois 'asked consent' for a joint resolution offered for the Senate's pleasure and approval by himself and Senator Jacob Javits of New York. Senator Douglas is no sentimentalist: he is a distinguished economist and university professor; he is the senior Senator from Illinois—and if there is one city in America whose Polish vote is as important as it is in New York that city is Chicago.

Senator Javits of New York has, fortunately, a genuine passion for refugee populations, so these two composed a little resolution asking the President to specify that the week following on July 4—American Independence Day—should be proclaimed 'Captive Nations Week'. It would not do anything, but it would announce again the American sympathy for satellite nations, especially in the countries of eastern Europe. Not a voice was raised against this resolution; it was never debated: the only question that came up was about the date. A judiciary committee that must pass on these things—file them, and arrange that such festivals do not overlap—was busy at the time, and could not get round to approving the resolution until a couple of days after July 4. So, in the form it was finally offered, it declared that the third week in July would be 'Captive Nations Week'. It is so ordered. One can hear the President of the Senate—Mr. Nixon, by the way—saying the resolution would be printed next day in the *Congressional Record*.

Thoughtless Embarrassment or Blessing?

Though it was a sincere gesture, it was no more than that, and so inconsequent at the time that not a single Senator, or Congressman, or newspaperman that I have been able to discover made a note of the resolution and its date, or punned at the sour coincidence of Mr. Nixon's coming visit to the Soviet Union. A plane-load of all the top Washington correspondents went off ahead of Mr. Nixon, and I do not remember one story hinting trouble ahead; yet the moment Mr. Khrushchev blew his top, everyone started dashing for the *Congressional Record* to find out who sponsored the 'captive nations' resolution, and how and when it came about. It may turn out that what at first seems like a thoughtless embarrassment to Mr. Nixon is actually a boon and blessing to him, for it stirred the blood in Mr. Khrushchev, which stirred the fighter in Mr. Nixon, which in turn stirred the sympathy of countless Americans who were not sure that they liked Mr. Nixon.

The Gallup Poll says there still are not enough Americans who like him to elect him, but, for the moment he is riding high, and I prophesy that between now and next summer an awful lot of men who have a yen to be President are going to develop also a keen interest in Russian mining and textiles and farming and health clinics, and they are going to have to learn to pronounce some of those places which now bear the ominous caption: 'Nixon was here'. It may well be that the 1960 presidential election will be won on the plains of Siberia.

—From 'Letter from America' (Home Service)

Critical Months in the Belgian Congo

By COLIN LEGUM

THE Belgian Congo is uneasily poised between violence and peaceful progress towards independence. The next few months are likely to be critical in deciding whether Belgium's policy of democratic reforms for its immensely wealthy colony in central Africa will succeed.

The immediate difficulty facing the Belgian Congo is the fact that almost none of its 13,000,000 African inhabitants and 120,000 Belgian settlers has had any experience of politics in the colony. This was made impossible under the previous policy whereby the Congo was run on strictly paternalistic lines. Economically that policy was paying dividends all round, but politically it was keeping the colony backward and unstable. The serious riots in Leopoldville earlier this year blew the lid off the stewing cauldron, and the Belgian Government speeded up their plans for radical reforms to lay the foundations for independence. This policy has been condemned by many of the settlers—though by no means all—as going too far and too fast. On the other hand, African political leaders fear that it might not go fast enough.

These two trends were shown in the reception given to Belgium's Minister for the Congo, Mr. van Hemelrijk, who has been visiting the colony. He was pelted with tomatoes by some settlers and strongly criticized for reportedly kissing an African woman in public. Africans received him well, but carried placards demanding a speeding up of the promised reforms. The energetic and far-sighted Mr. van Hemelrijk was not deterred by this reception. He has stuck bravely to the policy announced by his Government. The first steps have been taken to introduce democratic local government as a prelude to wider constitutional reforms that have been promised for the next two years.

The new Belgian policy offers no time-table for the Congo's independence. The African nationalist leaders are divided in their views as to when self-government should be expected, and on what conditions. Among the Africans the real contest for power lies between the Abako Party and the National Congolese Movement. It was the Abako Party that was behind January's riots, as a result of which its leaders were imprisoned. But they have now been released and are campaigning vigorously under Mr. Kasavubu, the forty-two-year-old grandson of a Chinese labourer who married a Congolese woman. The Abako Party favours a policy of securing immediate independence of the Bakongo tribe as a



separate entity from the rest of the Congo. This partition policy is strongly opposed by the Nationalist Congolese Movement, which is supported by the Belgian Socialists. Its policy is to secure self-government for the whole of the Congo by June of next year. Seven smaller parties have allied themselves with this movement. Apart from these larger parties, nearly 100 small tribal and sectional parties have suddenly sprouted all over the colony. Thus the promise of democratic politics has unleashed a diverse and lively interest in public affairs. But the weakness of this development lies in the political immaturity of these parties. They are going to have to learn while the colony moves rapidly from paternalism towards self-government.

The danger is that the African nationalist leaders are outbidding each other for the support of the masses, who are not unnaturally becoming both restive and excited. It is no easy task for the Belgians to dampen down this ardour and maintain law and order while introducing the new reforms that involve elections on a scale never before dreamt of in the Congo. A single wrong step can set back the entire experiment. But Belgium is determined to avoid the mistakes in the Congo that the French made in Algeria, where the French settlers succeeded in virtually taking control and dictating to the French Government.

—General Overseas Service



Mr. Joseph Kasavubu, leader of the Abako Party in the Belgian Congo, acclaimed by supporters in Leopoldville after his return in May from a visit to Belgium which followed his release from imprisonment

The Listener

© BRITISH BROADCASTING CORPORATION, LONDON, ENGLAND, 1959

The yearly subscription rate to THE LISTENER, U.S. and Canadian edition is \$7.50, including postage; special rate for two years \$12.50; for three years \$17.00. Subscriptions should be sent to B.B.C. Publications, 35, Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, England, or to usual agents. Entered as second-class mailing matter at the Post Office, New York, N.Y. Trade distributors within U.S.A., Eastern News Company, New York 14, N.Y. All communications (including letters for publication and poems which may be submitted accompanied by stamped addressed envelope) should be sent to the Editor at 35, Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, England.

Japanese Puzzle

JAPAN, except to the few English people who have been there, seems remote and strange; and the war against Japan, except to those who fought in it, is part of a mercifully forgotten nightmare. Yet some of our exporters at least are aware of the resurgence of Japan, while the recent spate of war films has recalled memories or given excitement to a rising generation that did not know the war. One of these films, which has been widely shown in Britain, the United States, and elsewhere, is *The Bridge on the River Kwai*. This film, like other expensive films, was of an international character, but the director and two of the principal actors were Englishmen. It was based on a book by a French author, and Professor Ian Watt in a fascinating broadcast talk, which is printed on another page, has some valuable reflections both about the problem of translating a novel into print and on the 'truth' of the story. Most British people who saw it were probably less concerned about the characterization of the Japanese—of the brutal Japanese camp commandant, for example—than over the portrait it drew of a British colonel. Was it really likely, they asked themselves, that he would have been so desperately anxious to make a success of a military bridge that his men were building to assist the Japanese war effort? The answer given by Professor Watt (who served in the Japanese war and was concerned in the building of the Burma-Siam railway, of which the bridge formed a part) is surprising. He suggests that the frustration of being a prisoner of war was so great that such constructive work might in fact have presented a challenge to a British officer. On the other hand, he adds that, whatever the niceties of seniority might have been, so fanatical an officer would have been deposed or shouldered aside. Members of a British audience with any knowledge of the army in war time must surely agree.

But what one tends to forget is the extraordinary tenacity and capability of the Japanese soldier. Although the Japanese took Singapore and overran much of the Far East, they never in fact possessed either the weapons or the resourceful inventiveness of their enemies. They reached a certain point with their guns, their tanks, and their aircraft (and, as Professor Watt says, their engineering) but they never got much further. Their army divisions were large—larger than our intelligence services at first believed—but it was their mobility and courage and their ability to live on a handful of rice that made them excel in jungle warfare. Their religion of Shinto and their devotion to the Emperor gave them immense moral purpose; they died with their boots on; they hardly ever surrendered. To become a prisoner of war was the depth of shame—and that was why they showed little compassion to the prisoners they took themselves. It was the combination of exceptional loyalty and efficient imitativeness of western methods that made them such dangerous enemies.

Mr. Tibor Mende, in the second of his remarkable talks entitled 'Triangle of Destiny', discusses in our columns this week the character of modern Japan. He draws attention to the present mixture of modern and medieval that was so striking also both before and after the war. The Emperor may wear a top hat and renounce the attributes of divinity, but he is still worshipped. The wage-earner may toil in an Americanized factory, but he still sits on the floor when he gets home. Japan with her teeming millions remains a mystery and her future an enigma.

What They Are Saying

The orange's other half

THE SOVIET RADIO has been putting out a great deal of comment for both home and foreign audiences on the American Exhibition in Moscow. The text has evidently been taken from Mr. Khrushchev's recent speech at Dnepropetrovsk: 'This is competition to show who gives the people better food, better clothing, better footwear, who ensures better cultural standards for the people. That is a noble task'. The main burden of the not unthoughtful criticism of the United States exhibition by Russian commentators has been that the exhibits are selective—with over-emphasis on consumer goods; that such American goods are expensive; and that a false impression is given that they are within the reach of all Americans, by glossing over the still surviving economic inequality in the United States. Moscow, in Russian for Abroad, broadcast a long despatch by a Soviet reporter, who wrote:

There are many well-made commodities: multi-coloured, fine fabrics, women's nylon slips, and, hiding behind the slips, a complete footwear shop. The visitor goes on past gleaming saucepans, past the colourful windows of a self-service store, past light and comfortable furniture, past strange baseball outfits, and ends up in the toy kingdom. But surely it is not only colour television sets, wonders of the kitchen, and fine motor-cars that typify the best technical-production achievements of the U.S.A. Where is the machinery? Where are the achievements of U.S. science?, the visitors keep asking the guides.

A Moscow transmission in English quoted an article in *Trud* by a Russian engineer who had written that, although America is a highly industrialized nation, 'here at the exhibition there is practically not a single machine-tool'.

A Moscow home service broadcaster interviewed two skilled workers from Novosibirsk who had visited the exhibition:

One of them said that the purpose of his visit was to learn about American electronics for communication purposes. The colour television was good. But besides this there was nothing else he wanted to see. He had wanted to see some of the American electronic appliances which were so well publicized in the press, but there were none of them at the exhibition.

Another Russian transmission in English said:

American automobiles are among the main attractions. The visitors closely inspect the latest models of Fords, Buicks and Chevrolets. The cars are indeed fine, and America may justly be proud of them, but, right then, the visitors start asking questions: 'Why don't they make cheap midget cars in the U.S.A.?' 'Is it reasonable to change car models every year just to jack up the prices?' The American guides had to admit that this was done only to swell the profits of the automobile corporations.

The Russian broadcast on the exhibition continued:

Women are attracted by various convenient devices which speed up cooking. 'How much does this washing machine cost?' asked a middle-aged woman. 'Two hundred and fifty dollars or 2,500 roubles in your currency', the American guide replied. 'Oh, that's rather expensive! They are much cheaper here', exclaimed Soviet women who listened to this conversation.

The despatch broadcast in Russian for Abroad, quoted above, also contained the following comment, showing that the Soviet reporter had been 'doing his homework' to some effect:

The first thing a visitor to the American Exhibition sees is the golden geophysical dome. This building reminds one of half an orange set on the ground. Before us on a stand is a photograph of a smiling specimen of good health. But there are no photographs of one-sixth of the population of the U.S.A. who, in the words of Senator Humphrey, still live in conditions of poverty. The stands feature many photographs of beautiful, well-built houses. But where are certain other figures which the Chairman of the National Committee of the American Democratic Party quoted recently? He said that over 15,000,000 Americans live in slums; that almost one quarter of all houses in the United States do not come up to the requirements of normal living conditions. In the United States there is a shortage of more than 100,000 school buildings. Perhaps the second half of the orange, with a far more bitter centre, is needed here.

—Based on information collected by the B.B.C. Monitoring Service
DERRICK SINGTON

Did You Hear That?

CORAL REEFS IN THE MALDIVES

HANS HASS spoke last week in 'The Underwater Naturalist', a programme produced in the West of England and broadcast in the Home Service. 'We recently sailed', he said, 'with our research ship *Xarifa* through the Red Sea to the Indian Ocean where we did research work for about a year. Our main objectives were the little-known groups of the Maldiva and Nicobar Islands in the Indian Ocean. The Maldives consist of several thousand little islands and reefs; some are so small that they are hardly a mile in diameter; some as large as twenty or thirty miles across. While all the islands in the Maldives have developed on coral reefs, the Nicobar Islands are rocky and represent a sunken chain of mountains.

'A coral reef offers to thousands of creatures shelter and food. Also the more one comes into warm climates, the greater the variety of species there is. In a coral reef one finds ample proof of the rule that in the tropics one may more easily encounter at a place ten different species rather than ten individuals of the same species. Living conditions are most favourable, so many forms are able to develop and survive in their struggle for existence. Many creatures have developed interesting adaptations to their environment. Here is a wide field for the diving biologist. We have observed several highly interesting associations between coral and fishes, as well as relationships between the different fish species themselves. A coral reef is a flower garden of stone, growing like a wall or like a tower from the depths, and filled with the most confusing and most colourful varieties of life.

'If men have not until recently ventured diving in the tropical seas this has been mainly on account of sharks. In the last twenty years I have encountered most of the really dangerous varieties of shark. There is always a certain risk, but, in general, sharks are much less dangerous than people think. You must not show fear or dart away sharply when they come into view. This attracts them, just as a cat is attracted by something on a string. Keep quiet, and if the shark really heads towards you, then you can scare him off by swimming towards him yourself.

'The colours of a coral reef are very beautiful, especially in the shallow region down to sixty feet, where some of the red and yellow light of the sun's rays still penetrate, but most corals are greenish, brown, bluish, or yellow. Some of the coral fish—swimming among the corals like butterflies—show very bright red patterns.

'The value of aqualung diving for the biologist is that he can watch and collect on the spot. He can even experiment on the sea bottom itself. One of our scientists, Dr. Eibl-Eibesfeld from the Max Planck Institute for Animal Behaviour in Seewiesen,

Germany, has carried out several experiments on the sea bottom in the Nicobar Islands. He studied the relation of a small fish, called *Pomacentrida*, or clown fish, to sea anemones. He also studied the behaviour of a group of fish called mouth-cleaners, or cleaner fish, which clean the mouths and bodies of other fish by eating scraps of food and parasites. He found out that these



A brightly coloured butterfly fish swimming among branches of a coral reef: a photograph taken by Hans Hass in the depths of the Red Sea
From 'Under the Red Sea' by Hans Hass (Jarrolds)

cleaner fish reside at a certain coral reef and that fish which want to be cleaned visit them there and invite their attention by a special movement. They will open their gills, and in response the cleaner fish will dart out from the coral and start to clean these fish of parasites. If the cleaners are inside the big fish's mouth, and the fish wants suddenly to swim away for some reason, he will first give a signal by a mouth movement, allowing the cleaners to leave quickly, and only after that will he shut his mouth'.

HOLKER HALL

'MONTH by month more and more people are finding their way to Holker Hall', said MARY FINDLAY in 'The Northcountryman'. 'It is two miles from the village and priory of Cartmel. Here Holker has been the Lancashire home of the Cavendish family for about 200 years.

'It is essentially an English home, and I think that is why it appeals to such a wide public. The beautifully proportioned rooms are light, airy and full of sunshine; there are flowers everywhere, and the pictures, books, china, and easy chairs all give a feeling of comfort and charm.

'The house, which belongs to and is lived in by Mr. and Mrs. Richard Cavendish and their family, is a pleasant mixture of styles, the latest addition is the Victorian wing



Holker Hall, Cark-in-Cartmel, Lancashire

From 'Historic Houses and Castles', 1959

which was built by the seventh Duke of Devonshire to replace an earlier one destroyed by fire in 1871.

'This is the part of the house that is shown to visitors, and it is noted for its carved oak panelling—almost all of it is the work of local craftsmen—its fine paintings, both landscape and portraits, and its treasured examples of French and English furniture. Among the painters represented here are Van Dyck and Claude, Sir Joshua Reynolds and Hoppner. It is the custom nowadays to decry the Victorians, but when they did things well, they did them very well indeed, and often made use of local materials instead of bringing in foreign ones. Here, in both the hall and the gallery above, the pillars and arches resemble a beautifully polished marble but they are actually local limestone quarried near Ulverston across the estuary of the Leven. Much of the wood used was grown on the estate, particularly the four massive oak pillars of the dining room overmantel, with their carved design of grapes and birds.

'From the windows one can see the ilex trees planted by a former member of the family, to remind him of a honeymoon spent among the olive trees of Italy. In spring and early summer one looks out on to the massed colour of rhododendrons and azaléas, while later in the year the formal garden to the south is filled with roses and hydrangeas and is full of colour and scent'.

KEEPING TIME

An experiment with time is being planned by the National Aeronautics and Space Administration of the United States. The B.B.C. Washington correspondent, CHRISTOPHER SERPELL, said in 'Radio Newsreel' that was an experiment which might prove, or disprove, Einstein's theory of relativity.

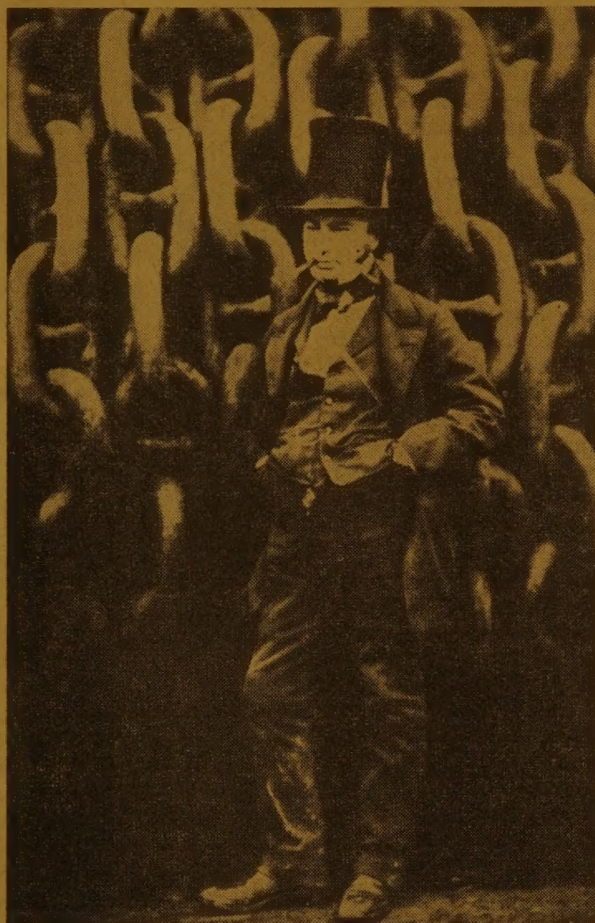
'According to that theory', he said, 'time itself moves at different rates, depending on where, and under what conditions, you are measuring it. To take an extreme example, a man making a return journey in a space ship, moving at almost the speed of light, and taking twenty years over the whole trip, would come back here to find himself twenty years older but the earth 1,000,000 years older. Fortunately scientists do not have to resort to such extreme measures to see whether this would be true. They have just to invent an extremely accurate and reliable clock; make two exactly similar examples of it; keep one on the ground and fire the other one off in a satellite. Then, by comparing the time signalled from the clock in orbit with the time recorded by the clock on the ground, they can see whether there is any difference between the times these two clocks are keeping.

'This type of clock has already been invented. It is called a Maser—the initial letters of "Microwave amplification by stimulated emission of radiation". What it does is to measure time by counting electronically the vibrations of ammonia molecules, and if you call such vibrations "ticks" you find that the Maser ticks at the rate of 24,000,000,000 times a second. That, according to the experts, gives an accuracy of plus or minus one second in 1,000 years.

'The next step is to build a Maser of this accuracy which weighs only thirty pounds and can withstand the accelerations needed to launch a satellite. The Hughes Aircraft Company is working on that now. They think it will be at least two years before they are ready to make this flight into what the scientists call hyper-space, or the space-time continuum, but they are already able to say how the flying clocks will behave,

if the theory of relativity is correct. According to what is called "special" relativity a moving clock should run slower than a stationary one, and a clock moving at the speed of light should stop altogether. So they think that the satellite clock travelling at some 18,000 miles an hour will measure a slower time than the one on the ground, that is, if it keeps below the height of 2,000 miles. Above that height, the clock will start conforming to the general theory of relativity, which says that the speed of time has some connexion with the force of gravity, and that a clock orbiting near a large body like the earth will measure a slower time than a clock so far out that the earth's gravitational field is much weaker.

At 8,000 miles out, for instance, a clock in orbit should run faster than one on the ground by about one second in sixty years, and if that is true, and Einstein is right, then all we have to do is to fit anti-gravity plates to the soles of our shoes and this will be Christopher Serpell in Washington returning you back to Methuselah'.



I. K. Brunel photographed against the chains of the steam-boat 'Great Eastern', which he designed

AN ENGINEER OF GENIUS

A hundred years ago the Royal Albert Railway Bridge, which spans the Tamar estuary between Devon and Cornwall, was opened by the Prince Consort. Its designer and builder was Isambard Kingdom Brunel, and at Paddington Station in London, British Railways has staged a Brunel Exhibition in celebration of the centenary. CHRISTOPHER JONES, a B.B.C. reporter, described it in 'The Eye-witness'.

'Brunel crossed the bridge only once', he said, 'That was shortly before it was opened, when he was a dying man. He lay on a couch which was put on a wagon, and then was drawn slowly across. A few months later he died, but the "stupendous and beautiful structure", as the directors of the Cornwall railway called it, remains as a massive monument to him.

'Pretty well everything Brunel did was on the grand scale: even the large and opulent room in which most of the exhibits are staged at Paddington was designed by him. There is a bust of the great man in the centre of a large green-baize and mahogany table, and round about it there are models of locomotives that ran over the lines Brunel engineered.

'One of these is of the Iron Duke engine, and it is believed to be one of the oldest locomotive models in existence. Brunel spent Christmas Day in 1839 working on a blacksmith's forge perfecting the design for this kind of locomotive, and eventually it became the pattern for his broad-gauge express passenger engines. Then there is a model of the Emperor engine—another broad-gauge locomotive that in 1880 ran a passenger service from Paddington to Exeter with seven stops in four-and-a-quarter hours. For many years it was the fastest train in the world.

'When Brunel was not designing huge bridges, or tunnels, or viaducts, he turned his hand to architecture, and there are designs in the exhibition which he drew up for Temple Meads station at Bristol. He certainly let his imagination run away with him, for the result looked like a cross between a Tudor manor and a medieval castle.

'Unlike a good many geniuses, he was fully appreciated by his contemporaries. One of the most elaborate exhibits is a splendid collection of presentation plate given him by the directors of the Great Western Railway; the heavy silver-gilt dishes and bowls are laid out on purple velvet, and in the middle of them is Brunel's monogram in deep silver relief'.

Retreat from Town Planning

By ROBERT MATTHEW

TO people who live in Plymouth or Clydebank, or in parts of London where the bombs fell and tower cranes are now busy with new buildings, the criticism that we are not getting on with reconstruction may seem unjustified.

There is certainly a great deal of new building going on—no one could deny that—but in spite of this, the general pattern remains stubbornly the same. It is becoming more and more difficult even to make the traffic move through the streets, and an alarming proportion of our buildings have already outlived their economic life. It seems clear beyond any probability of doubt that unless a tremendous impulse is given to planned reconstruction on a really heroic scale in the next few years, obsolescence and traffic volume alone between them will kill the quality of urban living upon which we, above all people, depend. We have had our industrial revolution, but if we are going to survive as a great nation we must take the next step, and take this as seriously as we have taken any crisis in our history: that next step is nothing less than a revolution in town planning; I believe that a large number of people in this country instinctively realize this, and yet feel at the same time overpowered by the sheer mass of streets and buildings. How permanent they seem—how difficult to change fundamentally—but this permanence is deceptive: in fact change is going on all the time, piece by piece; individual building cells are continually replaced, but the city organism remains; it does not respond to the new tension of modern life, but like the mammoth simply becomes more and more inflexible.

This vicious circle must be broken, and a new impulse given to city reconstruction. The danger point is not far away, unless something drastic is done, and done on a great scale; but it is only too obvious that without a strong lead from the top—that is, from the Government—we shall look in vain for our revolution in town planning. To those who have been concerned with town planning from pre-war days, watching our

cities growing visibly less and less able to cope with the functions of modern life, nothing has been more striking, and more depressing, than the flow and ebb of government support and interest.

The early 'thirties saw a great up-surge of effort at the beginnings of slum clearance; a dawning realization that the growing rash of suburban housing created more problems than it solved—



Street in a northern industrial town—'almost ready to crumble away'

problems of the conservation of good agricultural land, of the slow-up of traffic along stretches of main roads by ribbon development. Above all, a whole new series of social problems arose directly from the building of large collections of one-class houses: this sudden spread of the urban area into the surrounding countryside caught us completely unready to create a new environment in which social life could grow and flourish.

At this point, the whole scope of interest suddenly widened and we had, on the initiative of the Government, the Barlow, the Scott, and the Uthwatt Reports. It seemed at last that the foundations were being laid to integrate national, regional, and local planning, bringing into sensible relation all aspects of land use—industrial and agricultural as well as the claims of housing and transport. For the first time, the Government seemed ready to consider the economic and social consequences of uncontrolled development of the great industrial concentrations, and particularly the long, steady drift to the



Model of the southern part of the official L.C.C.'s and City Corporation's scheme for the Barbican, in the City of London

south-east. Then came the war: but with it came another shot in the arm for planning, a shot in the arm given at a time of national emergency that seemed to guarantee that the lost opportunities after the first world war would not happen all over again, and this guarantee seemed firmly reinforced by the new factor of bomb-damage. In fact it was during the war that the first Ministry of Planning was set up. A central and powerful group of planners was formed under Professor (now Sir) William Holford, whose job it was to set the theoretical basis for post-war planning. Then came a whole series of plans—local and regional—all based on the assumption that the organization for planning would develop in a logical way at every level. The stage seemed set, once the war was won, for the basis on which we could all work—the start of a great process that would lift this country out of the muddle of a century and a half of random development into something that in a physical sense might justify our claim to be a great country.

That peak of expectation was fifteen years ago. Today, we seem to be in the Slough of Despond. All that great impetus has disappeared. The fatal post-war relapse that took place in the 'twenties has once more taken place, and in fifteen years we have seen many of our ideals and visions fade away. Maybe we set our sights too high: maybe our visions of ultimate achievement were impracticable in a world where total effort must be spread in many directions: maybe that is all true—but the real tragedy is that now, when the immediate problems of the post-war years are behind us and we are able to look ahead, the basic structure, the foundation on which we may build, is not there. There is no national plan. The drift south still goes on; all we can say is that if the Development Areas policy of the Board of Trade had not taken place, it would have been a little more accelerated. But, to balance this, the policy of the Ministry of Transport, by concentrating its resources on a motorway system based on London, seems bent on increasing the attractive power of the metropolitan area.

No Effective Regional Organization

It is now nearly twenty years since the Barlow report was published. Are the assumptions made in that report still valid? Further, are they still the basis of government policy? We do not know. All is silence at this level of planning. The central group of technicians—the brains behind government planning policy—has also been dispersed. Planning has now, after gradual demotion among government departments, no longer even a titular appearance. If it has gone in the letter, it has gone even more in the spirit. With the exceptions of the Clyde Valley Regional Advisory Committee and the West Midlands group—and neither of these has any powers—there is no effective regional organization in the country. In the immediate post-war years, the planning Ministries themselves, through their regional offices, provided some wider framework into which local development plans would fit, but this, alas, has also gone, and in this sense we are almost back again where we were before the war.

To a few fortunate towns this lack of a wider framework may not be serious. Take, for instance, Cambridge—isolated from the conurbations and attractive to developers. It may well on local initiative alone proceed with central redevelopment without either calling on government aid or becoming involved with the problems of its neighbours. This is true, too, of some of our coastal towns, like Brighton or Blackpool—they can well deal with their own problems. But the majority of our urban population live in different circumstances, and it is here that the absence of the wider framework is at present directly affecting internal reconstruction where it is most needed. Most people live in the great industrial concentrations, and these can be classed, in economic terms, as expanding, static, or contracting. They are nearly all congested and the needs of housing alone create a surplus demand for land.

We have the pathetic spectacle of a great city like Manchester, with virtually no virgin land left for housing within its boundaries, thrashing about for years for somewhere to take its overspill without, as far as I can see, getting any satisfactory answer. We have the case of the City of Glasgow. Fifteen years ago Abercrombie gave the facts about Glasgow; yet the Secre-

tary of State for Scotland has only last year agreed that if satisfactory housing standards in the central areas are to be achieved, an overspill of at least 250,000 people is inevitable: and that is one fifth of Glasgow's population.

Trouble for the Future

Redevelopment is now proceeding on the basis of this staggering figure. What is altogether absent is the national, or even regional, plans that Abercrombie called for to cope with the economic implications of this enormous shift of population of Glasgow alone; small wonder that, at this stage, the economists are raising the alarm, but the internal pressures, from the housing point of view alone, are relentlessly driving forward; urban renewal, in these circumstances, while improving local slum conditions at it undoubtedly does, looks like building up considerable trouble for the future, and Glasgow is by no means an exception.

So, too, with those towns and indeed whole regions that no longer readily attract new enterprise—Lancashire in Scotland, Lancashire in England are obvious examples. Towns in these areas may be static or actually declining in employment. At the same time, they are the very towns most in need, if they are to continue in existence at all, of renewal, of a considerable boost in attractive power.

Travelling through some of these industrial towns, like Bolton or Motherwell, one gets the impression that apart from recent housing they are almost ready to crumble away. Private enterprise here will not touch redevelopment on a large scale. Normal resources from the local authority itself are entirely inadequate, and there is no sign that any special funds are likely to be forthcoming from the Treasury. To talk about urban renewal in any real sense under these circumstances is surely unrealistic. Such towns are doomed to piecemeal patching, as long as their economic future is uncertain. My point is a simple one, but basic I believe to this whole business: the problems of remaking the majority of our nineteenth-century towns to a new pattern that will satisfy the demands of the present—still more of the future—are, for the most part, inseparable from the wider problems that I have touched on. If these do not find a place in our governmental set-up, we are left to solve the local problem on its own, and the answer, I am afraid, may be no answer at all.

There is one further effect of the progressive dismantling, as it seems to me, of the government planning apparatus. With the drive and impetus gone from the top, the opportunity has not been taken to develop the machinery of planning itself. It has remained static, more or less in its pre-war form; but it is now presented with new kinds of problems. The shift from the old permissive statutory planning, zoning and the like, to the idea that you can, through planning, create a new environment is a very big step to take. It involves new techniques, new ways of taking the initiative or making others take it; above all, it needs imagination and enterprise, breaking new ground in many directions.

New Environment and Old Methods

This is a new situation that has grown up, and the organization to deal with it does not appear to have grown up sufficiently with it. The deliberate creation of a new environment is a new process: it will not be attained by old methods. Planning means interrelation and integration: but the large machine of government is geared to separation and specialization or departmentalization. (Too often we have the impression of central government against local government; councillors against officers; officers against each other; all of them, sometimes, against the private developer—where he exists at all.) There is little point in regretting the wasted years since the war, when this kind of problem might well have been studied. What is important at this stage is that enough people become aware that it is a problem of importance to the development of our towns.

Such a study should examine the kind of machinery that would effectively bring together private and public initiative at the early stage of planning, rather than, as usually happens now, at the late stage of piecemeal building. In London at Notting Hill Gate, in the City at the Barbican, in Cambridge, in Birmingham, in Manchester's central Piccadilly area, we have examples of what

can be done with imagination and determination, when developers see clearly the opportunities open to them. But this is not always so; opportunities are not always so evident or attractive, and it is under these circumstances that the link between the planning authority and private enterprise is most difficult to achieve. The result is usually piecemeal redevelopment.

If creative planning is to be given the kind of climate it needs to grow, new links must be made: one obvious link seems to be with the universities. We have twenty-eight university towns in this country. If, in each of these, a department of urban renewal worked through a programme of research, and if these were co-ordinated, the range of problems facing planning authorities today might well have some answers in a short time. And if each such university department had always in hand a redevelopment area to work out in detail, as a demonstration and practical experiment, the techniques of renewal would certainly take a considerable step forward. I personally hope the Government will be prevailed upon to set up again its central research and development group on urban redevelopment.

With such a group as a focal point, and with the universities co-operating, the development of the technology of urban planning would begin to grow rapidly; and speed in this matter is

essential. On the one hand, our obsolescent areas will, literally, not stand up much longer; as far as housing is concerned they must be replaced; on the other hand, the demands of traffic are forcing action in terms of urban motorways, fly-over junctions, grade separation of traffic and the like. It seems certain that in the next decade large sums of money will be spent on palliative measures merely to make the traffic flow. The question that has by no means been clearly answered is whether these traffic measures, now certain to be carried out, will be part and parcel of a considered plan for urban renewal; past experience does not give us much reassurance, and here again the absence of a co-ordinating ministry of planning with adequate powers may well be disastrous.

Time is therefore critical, and a new appraisal of the situation as a whole must be made now: no one will pretend that it will be easy to recapture, and to make the Government re-establish, the enthusiasm or the energy of fifteen years ago. Our Government is clearly making strenuous efforts to maintain the position of this country in the world—and is spending a great deal of money doing so. Is it unrealistic to suggest that the raising of the standard of quality of environment may be as good a way as any of impressing the world that we are a civilized nation?

—Third Programme

Henry James and a Sense of Identity

By WILLIAM WALSH

A MAN'S life, Keats thought, was spent in constructing a sense of identity in a world of circumstance. A deal of truth—not to speak of volumes of scholarship—was embedded in this notion. It is one of those curiously prescient ideas which become truer with the passage of time. However perceptive it was about Keats, it has turned out to be even more pointed about many contemporary writers. The work of Yeats, Joyce, Eliot, Pound is a kind of record of the gradual formation of a literary identity and a personal self. In a blurred and anonymous world these writers strove to establish a viable self, and their writings compose a diary of the effort and a chart of its shifts and currents.

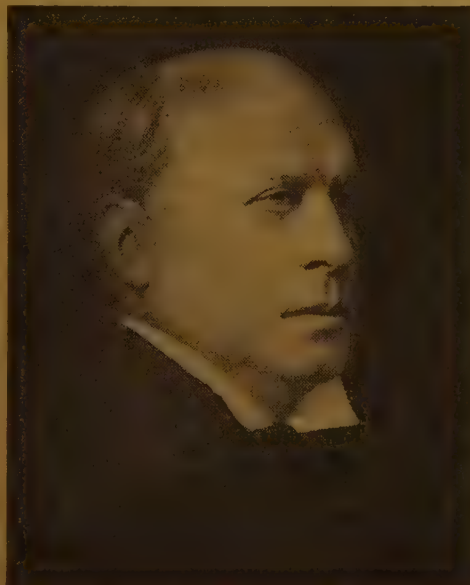
Henry James was another writer discerned by Keats's prophetic eye. He, too, had to construct a coherent identity. But there is an interesting difference between him and the other writers I mentioned. They used their work itself as a means through which they slowly constructed an identity. But James had to do this before his real work could begin. Their work is part of the construction of a self; his work is part of the realization of a self. The formation of a personal identity amid the complications of society, of a unique character in an incalculably complex structure of persons, places, and influences, is precisely the theme of Henry James's three autobiographical studies, 'A Small Boy and Others', 'Notes of a Son and Brother', and 'The Middle Years', which have been collected by Professor F. W. Dupee and republished under the title *Autobiography**. One can see that this is a theme very likely to engage the powers of a writer like James, so richly endowed with the novelist's double discernment, which is able to fix the subtlest nuance of individuality and with an equal assurance, an equal skill, to establish it solidly in a social world.

The world of circumstance in which, and out of which, the young Henry James constructed his sense of identity was a double one; the outer world of American society and the inner world of his own

family. These two spheres, although naturally enough they had something in common, by no means simply repeated and reinforced one another. It was business—business, that is, as commerce and dealing, not work and production—which established the tone and determined the habits of society. But no one in the James family had been guilty of a single stroke of business for at least two generations. The forms of civilization in this society were comparatively raw and restricted; the individual member of it inherited no complex burden of guilt, and worked on no tangled system of assumption. 'We saw the natural so happily embodied about us', says James, 'because the artificial, or, in other words, the complicated, was so little there to threaten it'. Outside there was little of what James called 'a degree of finish', but inside, in every member of the family, there was the most living concern with 'the real quality and virtue of things, the state of manners, the terms of intercourse, the care for excellence, the sense of appearances, the intellectual reaction generally'.

There existed, that is, at the heart of James's experience, between the two parts of his world, an element of discrepancy, of stress, a kind of structural paradox which was to be deeply influential in his development as a person. Not only did inconsistency disturb the continuity of home and society; but it also flourished in the character of his father, a metaphysical optimist, who believed, against all evidence, in an imminent transformation scene in human affairs but who could on occasion say: 'When I hear professions of good will, from almost any quarter, I instinctively look about for a constable or place my hand within reach of the bell-rope'. And there was the inconsistency which marked the upbringing and education for which his father was responsible: 'The literal played on our education as small a part as it perhaps ever played in any and we wholesomely breathed inconsistency and ate and drank contradictions'.

Thriving on contradictions, as James meant it, is not simply the state of not being disconcerted by inconsistencies



Henry James (1843-1916)

*W. H. Allen, 1956. £2 10s.

because one's original perceptions were not sufficiently acute to register them. On the contrary, it requires an unusual degree of awareness. It is just this—the clarity of his consciousness as a child—that is the impression most vividly produced in the reader by James's autobiographical studies. They show a child and a youth for whom all the intensity and flavour of living lay in knowing. They reveal Henry as a small voracious appetite of comprehension. It was the one capacity in which the young Henry had any confidence at all. In everything else he distrusted himself. Shy, gawky, tentative and retreating, he had nothing of his brother William's vivacity and adroitness; but here his assurance was complete. So that the image one has of his temperament is one of shafts of light playing in a mist of uncertainty. 'I lived and wriggled', he notes, 'floundered and failed, lost the clue of everything but a general lucid consciousness . . . which I clutched with a sense of its value'.

Dazzled by the Significant Shadow

He speaks more than once in his autobiography of the astonishing force of first impressions on a small plastic mind; but more remarkable still to him was the intensity of meaning impressions drew along with them. It was not the sunlit object but the significant shadow it cast that dazzled the young James. He had the feeling, he records, during this part of his life, 'that everything should represent more than what immediately and all too blankly met the eye . . . What I wanted in my presumption was that the object, the place, the person, the unreduced impression . . . should give out to me something of a situation'.

This disposition of the child was carried over into the character of the novelist. Just as each detail of one of his 'impressions' was always illustrative of some larger meaning, so each of the pointed particulars in a scene in a novel had to be representative of manners, types, traditions. He had no patience in art for detail which had not this emblematic function or for what he called 'presence without type'. Everything in fiction as in life had to satisfy his 'appetite for the illustrational'. That the habits of perception should become the devices of art is not perhaps so surprising. Something of the kind probably occurs with every important writer. What is remarkable in the case of James is how clear and constant the connexion is. Part of the reason for this was undoubtedly the astonishing retentiveness of James's mind. What it laid hold of, it kept. Time was not allowed to blur the sharpness of his impressions, whether they were delightful or disagreeable, and for him an impression was both the moment of experience and its cluster of implications and relations. 'The truth', he says, 'is much less in the wealth of my experience than in the tenacity of my impressions; the fact that I have lost nothing of what I saw'.

If we ask why James should never have lost anything of what he saw, the answer again lies in the unusual lucidity of consciousness which he turned upon his experience. James *knew* his experience—each fibre of each event—with that completeness of comprehension with which a mind of another sort might know an abstract principle. When anything is known in this way it cannot be forgotten since it is no longer simply an element in the memory but a part of the person. There is—as James believed—a proportion and an attraction between the temper of the mind and the kind of experience it fastens on. He really attended, that is, only to the sort of experience his mind was peculiarly receptive to; and his mind, he says, was 'as receptive of any scrap of enacted story or evoked picture as it was closed to the dry or abstract proposition'. Or, as he put it again, in his life 'the impulse and the object perpetually melted together'.

Without a doubt 'the impulse and the object melted together' when 'the object' was anyone else. But when 'the object' was himself, there had to be considerable strain and analysis before the 'melting together' occurred. The very force of the attraction of others on him—'I seem to have been constantly eager to have changed my lot with somebody else; they were so other'—is a measure of the inadequacy and uncertainty he was aware of in himself. The question of what particular character was fed by, and gave shape to, his impressions was put to him early by the incongruities he felt so sharply everywhere. It was put to him most pointedly by the contrast between William ('Occasion waited on him, had always done so . . . and there he was . . . level with

them all') and himself ('I had but one success always—that of endlessly supposing, wondering, admiring'). The answer he arrived at, with some pain and some regret, was that though there may be many ways of responding to experience, one is, in practice, 'condemned to a choice, not made free of them all'.

A Vivid Discrepancy

For himself, he recognized, the choice lay between 'two ways of taking life'. It is clear that the duality he faces really makes explicit the vivid discrepancy between William and himself. 'One way of taking life was to go in for everything and everyone, which kept you abundantly occupied, and the other way was to be as occupied, quite as occupied, just with the sense and image of it all, and on only a fifth of the actual immersion'. Once the possibilities are expressed, the choice was made, since for Henry consciousness—or rather the focused consciousness which I will call contemplation—was a form of action, was in fact *his* form of action. If at the beginning of the words I have just quoted the decision was open, there is no doubt that by the end of them it has been made. His part is to be the contemplative one. And the thing which strikes him at once as strange but true is that abdicating from so much experience meant no lessening of activity. Contemplation, his form of action, kept one as thoroughly and completely engaged as the life of participation, even when this was taken at its most intense and successful as in William. The contemplation of 'the sense and image of it all' was as active as the deepest immersion in action.

The understanding of his true vocation—I do not think it is an inappropriate word—brought him relief from much personal stress. He could not escape from having to contrast his own habitual posture in the face of experience—'a reflective gape'—with the supple stance of his competent brothers, William and Wilky. With the example before him of their 'superior talent for life', he had ruefully to acknowledge how indirect and partial was his own 'faculty for life', at least when this meant 'going in for everyone and everything'. He was dismayed at the few points at which he touched what for others was reality, at the baffling way the limits of reality seemed always to recede as he advanced upon them. But now his role as contemplative, and above all his grasp of its 'inwardly active, productive and ingenious side', gave an organizing centre to his life. With this consciousness, into this character, he could absorb, assimilate, convert his thronging impressions.

A Life-long Question

The discovery, or invention, of a consistent self had on James the effect of religious faith on his father or intellectual theory on William. It summoned, unblocked, and conciliated his powers. Certainly faith or theory could not have done this for a temperament which found them both terribly deficient in presence, in texture, in density. 'It was all a play I hadn't been to'. With such an insistent passion for the particular, the only inclusive order his nature could accept was the coherence of character. 'His philosophy', as he said of his father, 'was in his tone', a varied infinitely subtle accommodation to experience and 'a straight contradiction of any dialectic'. It was a more intimate, a more personal logic that he acknowledged now, the logic of identity. And it was this which henceforth would provide both the premisses of his art and the rules for its imaginative discoveries. 'To feel a unity, a character and a tone in one's impressions, to feel them related and all harmoniously coloured, that was positively to face the aesthetic, the creative, even quite wondrously the critical life, almost on the spot to commence author. They had begun, the impressions . . . to scratch quite audibly at the door of liberation, of extension, of projection; what they were of one more or less knew, but what they were *for* was the question that began to stir'. The rest of his life was spent in answering this question.

—Third Programme

To their series of half-crown Pocket Poets, the Hulton Press have now added *Rochester*, selected by Ronald Duncan, *Country Poems*, selected by Geoffrey Grigson, *Christina Rossetti*, selected by Naomi Lewis, and *New Voices*, selected by Alan Pryce-Jones.

Dangerous Driving on the Roads

By A MAGISTRATE

NOBODY is satisfied over what is being done about dangerous driving. Parliament doubled the maximum penalties in 1956, but everything else has gone up as well. In February this year the Home Secretary gave some figures in Parliament concerning 1957, that is to say the year after the new Act came into force, so that there might be a comparison with earlier years. There is no doubt about what those figures show in the way of prosecutions and penalties. More people are being prosecuted and convicted, the average amount they pay in fines is going up, so are the numbers of driving licence disqualifications and so are the numbers of the casualties. But, of course, the amount of traffic is also going up. Over the last thirty years the number of vehicles has gone up more than threefold; yet there were fewer fatal accidents in 1957 than in any of the ten years before the war. The number of accidents is shocking, but the evidence (such as it is) suggests that people are driving better than they did.

A Complicated Offence

The offence of dangerous driving is much more complicated than anyone would suppose. To begin with, the Road Traffic Act of 1930 put into one section the offence of driving recklessly, or at a speed or in a manner which is dangerous to the public having regard to all the circumstances of the case, including the nature, condition, and use of the road and the amount of traffic which is actually at the time, or which might reasonably be expected to be, on the road. It has been decided that this creates three separate offences and a man cannot be charged with them alternatively. Then in a separate section, and as a less serious offence, is driving without due care and attention or without reasonable consideration for other persons using the road. There is no legal difficulty over this lesser offence. Due care and attention undoubtedly means observing a reasonable and proper standard of driving. Everyone is expected to come up to that standard and if he falls short of it he can be convicted, and it does not matter whether he was deliberate or inattentive, or whether or not there was any danger.

The trouble about offences under the other section comes from dangerous driving. The conception of 'reckless' is easy enough, because that simply means that a man must have deliberately taken the risk. The trouble with 'dangerous' is whether we go by what actually happened or whether we consider the conduct of the defendant in the light of how it appeared to him. Take this sort of case: a road carrying only two lanes of traffic; a man following another vehicle pulls out to see if he can pass it, sees a vehicle coming towards him at what he thinks is quite a long way away, and he carries on to overtake. We all know that this business of judging relative speeds and whether one can get through safely or not is one of the things that drivers have to learn by experience. Most of us when overtaking have occasionally had a horrible feeling that perhaps we have miscalculated it a little and there was not going to be any too much room; and most of us have seen the other chap coming straight at us and have had to brake to let him through. Suppose this was a bad miscalculation: the driver has created a thoroughly dangerous situation, where there is going to be a head-on crash unless the oncoming vehicle can stop quickly or run off into the verge. Or take the two commonest situations that lead to accidents, what the police call 'turning right without due care' and 'crossing without due care at a road junction'.

What is it that a law court looks at, or ought to look at? Do we imagine that we are up in a helicopter, looking down on to the roads and the traffic: we can see everything, and it would seem clear to us that a driver cannot overtake: he cannot turn right like that; he cannot shoot out into a stream of traffic: that is dangerous driving. Or do we try to find out how things

appeared to that driver, imagining ourselves looking through his windscreen, judging things as he thought he saw them? He made wrong estimates of clearances, distances, speeds, but he says he thought it was all right; and I expect he did, because nobody in his senses deliberately does something that he can see may result in getting smashed up.

A few years ago the judges seemed to have taken the view that the offence of dangerous driving does require a guilty mind, that is to say that a man should not in law be convicted if he had made an honest but mistaken judgment. That I think did fit in with the general ideas of the criminal law that a man ought not to be convicted unless he knew that he was doing wrong or just did not care at all whether he was or was not. But that has been altered. Rather over a year ago there was a case where a man drove a motor van across a road junction at a fast speed, ignoring an illuminated 'Halt' sign, and collided with a motor-car. The van then continued for a short distance and overturned. The defendant in hospital said that he could not remember what happened; he claimed that he had a 'black-out'. The magistrates believed him and dismissed the charge on the ground that he was not capable of forming any intention as to his manner of driving. The High Court said the magistrates had gone wrong in their law. The Act, said the Court, contains an absolute prohibition against dangerous driving and the defendant's intention as to the manner of driving was immaterial.

One point that was raised was about the position if a man was suddenly knocked unconscious by, say, a flying stone; the answer there is that if he was suddenly knocked unconscious he would not be responsible for doing the act; lawyers would say that as a matter of law he ceased to drive and so he could not be convicted of driving dangerously; but if he just went to sleep driving that would be different because there would have been a time when he was getting sleepy and yet persisting in continuing driving. So what matters is the view from the helicopter, and what the man at the wheel saw or thought he saw does not matter.

The Average Fine

Let us consider again those figures which the Home Secretary produced in Parliament. They showed that the average fine for dangerous driving in 1957 was £14 3s. 10d., and there was disqualification from holding a driving licence in 40 per cent. of the cases. Many people say that the average fine is ridiculously low. They argue that since Parliament doubled the maximum fines in 1956, magistrates ought to have revised their ideas by thinking of what a fine might be and then doubling it. But another Act of Parliament tells magistrates that in fixing a fine they must have regard to the means of an offender, and people have not got twice as much money as they had in 1956. Also it is usual to make a convicted person pay the costs of the prosecution and they may be high; to bring, say, a lorry driver and his mate from a distant part of the country with their railway fares, loss of earnings, accommodation, and so on, can easily run into a considerable bill. And the defendant has his own expenses as well. So that these convictions really do cost the defendant a good deal more than appears from the statistics. There are few cases where anyone thinks that people ought to be sent to prison for these offences, so that in practice the loss of a driving licence for a period is much the most serious penalty that can be imposed. Some people say that disqualification ought to be imposed more often, that is to say in a much higher proportion of the cases than the present 40 per cent. Their idea is that if magistrates will not be more drastic, then Parliament ought to make it compulsory, so that a conviction for dangerous driving would automatically put a driver off the road for, say, twelve months.

Personally I am sceptical how far threats of greater punishment succeed in stopping crime, for we had plenty of severity last

century and it did not seem to do much good. Severity is likely to be much less effective against drivers of motor vehicles. It might even lead to fewer convictions. Dangerous driving is an offence in which the defendant may be tried in a Magistrate's Court but he has the right, if he wants, to be tried at Quarter Sessions by a jury. The advantage of the Magistrate's Court is that it is cheaper, quicker, and the penalty is likely to be perhaps lower than at the Quarter Sessions. The disadvantage of Quarter Sessions is the waiting and the greater expense, and there may be a higher penalty but a much bigger chance of getting off. If Parliament should make disqualification from driving an automatic result of conviction, nearly everyone would choose jury trial, and I much doubt whether juries would convict when defendants had only made errors of judgment.

Of course there are bad cases where severity may have a good effect. A man can drive so dangerously that we can say he must have realized he was putting others in peril. Where we get that—a clear disregard for the life and safety of others—he ought to be disqualified from driving. That is the sort of case we want to hit hard. But on the helicopter view of dangerous driving we must often convict a man for making a *bona fide* error of judgment, because what he did was dangerous although he did not mean to take any risk. It is hard to see how a threat can work on the mind of a man who is not conscious that he is doing something wrong. The harder he is punished the more unfair it seems. Further, the fear of punishment depends a good deal on the chances of getting caught. It is obvious that for every driver who gets prosecuted there are dozens, maybe hundreds, of instances where driving has created danger and nothing happens. So that being prosecuted often appears to be just bad luck: the feeling of 'why drop on me? I did not think I was doing anything wrong'.

All this is on the assumption that the helicopter view is correct. But is it so easy to say what is dangerous? There is much loose talk about various things being dangerous; one of the most surprising things is an accident map. Take a large-scale map and stick a flag in at the place where each accident occurs, and after

a time you begin to see what are the black spots, that is to say, where accidents do in fact happen. The pattern is always entirely different from what you would expect it to be; places that you think must be dangerous often do not seem to have accidents there at all, and other places that often you would think must be as safe as anywhere have accident after accident. There is no greater fallacy than believing that a little common intelligence can tell one what is dangerous and what is not. In the area of my court there was a cross-roads where there were several accidents, with prosecutions following, and convictions and all the rest of it. That cross-roads looked all right, with good visibility, and as safe as a cross-roads can be, but there was something that affected people's estimates about distances and speed. We never cured it by convicting people. Then the road engineers got to work and staggered the cross-roads, and since then we have not had a single case from that old danger spot.

There is no doubt that an enormous number of accidents are due to the state and layout of roads. Whenever there have been several accidents at a particular place, then that place needs altering: somehow or other it misleads drivers and they misjudge things. I can think of two other places in my jurisdiction where there have been several accidents; the drivers were duly punished, and in the next few months more drivers will be convicted and punished, and so it will go on until the road is altered.

Nothing like enough research work has been done to sort out all these various courses. We have selfish and inconsiderate road users: a few people who are downright reckless: a large number of drivers whose skill and experience is too small: and nearly all of us who occasionally make some degree of bad judgment. Then there are the accident spots on the roads themselves. Nor do we know enough about the kind of people who have accidents: are there people who have more than their share?

To me, sitting as a magistrate, it is clear that there is no solution to be found in having more and more prosecuting and calling for much heavier penalties. We ought to keep prosecutions for cases where we can be sure that people really were to blame, and where they must have known that they were doing wrong.—*Home Service*

A Song about Major Eatherly

This poem and song about Major Eatherly was suggested by, and is based on, a few lines John Wain read in a newspaper describing the contents of a book called 'Formula for Death. E=MC' (The Atom Bombs and After)' by Fernand Gigon (translated from the French by Constantine Fitz Gibbon, published by Allan Wingate). The book describes how Major Claude R. Eatherly, pilot of the aircraft which carried the second bomb to Nagasaki, later started having nightmares. His wife is quoted as saying: 'He often jumps up in the middle of the night and screams out in an inhuman voice which makes me feel ill: "Release it, release it"'. According to Gigon, Major Eatherly began to suffer 'brief moments of madness'. The doctors diagnosed 'extreme nervous depression', and Eatherly was awarded a pension of \$237 a month. 'He seems to have regarded this pension as a premium for murder, as a payment for what had been done to the two Japanese cities, for he never touched the money'. He took to 'petty thievery', and later was 'taken from Waco Military Hospital to Fort Worth prison'.

I

Good news. It seems he loved them after all.
His orders were to fry their bones to ash.
He carried up the bomb and let it fall.
And then his orders were to take the cash,

A hero's pension. But he let it lie.
It was in vain to ask him for the cause.
'Simply that if he touched it he would die'.
He fought his own, and not his country's wars.

His orders told him he was not a man:
An instrument, fine-tempered, clear of stain,
All fears and passions closed up like a fan:
No more volition than his aeroplane.

But now he fought to win his manhood back.
Steep from the sunset of his pain he flew
Against the darkness in that last attack.
It was for love he fought, to make that true.

II

To take life is always to die a little: to stop
any feeling and moving contrivance, however ugly,

unnecessary, or hateful, is to reduce by so much the total
of life there is. And that is to die a little.

To take the life of an enemy is to help him,
a little, towards destroying your own. Indeed, that is why
we hate our enemies: because they force us to kill them.
A murderer hides the dead man in the ground:
but his crime rears up and topples on to the living,
for it is they who now must hunt the murderer,
murder him, and hide him in the ground: it is they
who now feel the touch of death cold in their bones.

Animals hate death. A trapped fox will gnaw
through his own leg: it is so important to live
that he forgives himself the agony,
consenting, for life's sake, to the desperate teeth
grating through bone and pulp, the gasping yelps.

That is the reason the trapper hates the fox.
You think the trapper doesn't hate the fox?
But he does, and the fox can tell how much.
It is not the fox's teeth that grind his bones,
it is the trapper's. It is the trapper, there,
who keeps his head down, gnawing, hour after hour.

And the people the trapper works for, they are there too, heads down beside the trap, gnawing away. Why shouldn't they hate the fox? Their cheeks are smeared with his rank blood, and on their tongues his bone being splintered, feels uncomfortably sharp.

So once Major Eatherly hated the Japanese.

III

Hell is a furnace, so the wise men taught.
The punishment for sin is to be broiled.
A glowing coal for every sinful thought.

The heat of God's great furnace ate up sin,
Which whispered up in smoke or fell in ash:
So that each hour a new hour could begin.

So fire was holy, though it tortured souls.
The sinners' anguish never ceased, but still
'Their sin was burnt from them by shining coals.

Hell fried the criminal but burnt the crime,
Purged where it punished, healed where it destroyed:
It was a stove that warmed the rooms of time.

No man begrudged the flames their appetite.
All were afraid of fire, yet none rebelled.
The wise men taught that hell was just and right.

'The soul desires its necessary dread:
Only among the thorns can patience weave
A bower where the mind can make its bed'

Even the holy saints whose patient jaws
Chewed bitter rind and hands raised up the dead
Were chestnuts roasted at God's furnace doors.

The wise men passed, The clever men appeared.
They ruled that hell be called a pumpkin face.
They robbed the soul of what it justly feared.

Coal after coal the fires of hell went out.
Their heat no longer warmed the rooms of time,
Which glistened now with fluorescent doubt.

The chilly saints went striding up and down
To warm their blood with useful exercise.
They rolled like conkers through the draughty town.

Those emblematic flames sank down to rest,
But metaphysical fire can not go out:
Men ran from devils they had dispossessed,

And felt within their skulls the dancing heat
No longer stored in God's deep boiler-room.
Fire scorched their temples, frostbite chewed their feet.

That parasitic fire could race and climb
More swiftly than the stately flames of hell.
Its fuel gone, it licked the beams of time.

So time dried out and youngest hearts grew old.
The smoky minutes cracked and broke apart.
The world was roasting but the men were cold.

Now from this pain worse pain was brought to birth,
More hate, more anguish, till at last they cried,
'Release this fire to gnaw the crusty earth:

Make it a flame that's obvious to sight
And let us say we kindled it ourselves,
To split the skulls of men and let in light.

Since death is camped among us, wish him joy.
Invite him to our table and our games.
We cannot judge, but we can still destroy'.

And so the curtains of the mind were drawn.
Men conjured hell a first, a second time :
And Major Eatherly took off at dawn.

IV

Suppose a sea-bird,
its wings stuck down with oil, riding the waves
in no direction, under the storm-clouds, helpless,
lifted for an instant by each moving billow
to scan the meaningless horizon, helpless,
helpless, and the storms coming, and its wings dead,
its bird-nature dead :

imagine this castaway,
loved, perhaps, by the Creator, and yet abandoned,
mocked by the flashing scales of the fish beneath it,
who leap, twist, dive, as free of the wide sea
as formerly the bird of the wide sky,
now helpless, starving, a prisoner of the surface,
unable to dive or rise:

this is your emblem.

Take away the bird, let it be drowned
in the steep black waves of the storm, let it be broken
against rocks in the morning light, too faint to swim:
take away the bird, but keep the emblem.

It is the emblem of Major Eatherly, who looked round quickly from the height of each wave, but saw no land, only the rim of the sky into which he was not free to rise, or the silver gleam of the mocking scales of the fish diving where he was not free to dive.

Men have clung always to emblems,
to tokens of absolution from their sins.
Once it was the scapegoat driven out, bearing
its load of guilt under the empty sky
until its shape was lost, merged in the scrub.
Now we are civilized, there is no wild heath.
Instead of the nimble scapegoat running out
to be lost under the wild and empty sky,
the load of guilt is packed into prison walls,
and men file inward through the heavy doors.

But now that image, too, is obsolete.
The Major entering prison is no scapegoat.
His penitence will not take away our guilt,
nor sort with any consoling ritual:
this is penitence for its own sake, beautiful,
uncomprehending, inconsolable, unforeseen.
He is not in prison for his penitence:
it is no outrage to our law that he wakes
with cries of pity on his parching lips.
We do not punish him for cries or nightmares.
We punish him for stealing things from stores.

O, give his pension to the storekeeper,
Tell him it is the price of all our souls.
But do not trouble to unlock the door
and bring the Major out into the sun.
Leave him: it is all one: perhaps his nightmares
grow cooler in the twilight of the prison.
Leave him; if he is sleeping, come away.
But lay a folded paper by his head,
nothing official or embossed, a page
torn from your notebook, and the words in pencil.
Say nothing of love, or thanks, or penitence:
say only 'Eatherly, we have your message'.

JOHN WAIN
—*Third Programme*

B.B.C. NEWS HEADLINES

July 29-August 4

Wednesday, July 29

It is announced that Britain's first space satellite should be launched in about two years' time

General Grivas, leader of Eoka, makes a statement repudiating the agreement on Cyprus signed in London earlier this year

The liner 'Queen Elizabeth' is damaged in a collision outside New York harbour

Thursday, July 30

The Chief Constable of Nottingham, Captain Popkess (who was suspended by the Labour-controlled Watch Committee three weeks ago), is reinstated

Archbishop Makarios, leader of the Greek Cypriots, and Dr. Kutchuk, leader of the Turkish Cypriots, denounce General Grivas's rejection of the London agreement

Friday, July 31

Agreement is reached in the printing dispute on the seventeenth day of discussions

The President of India dismisses the Communist Government of Kerala

Five members of a British-led mountaineering expedition in the Himalayas are reported missing

Fighting is reported in northern Laos between Government forces and rebels

Saturday, August 1

Mr. Nixon broadcasts to the Russian people on sound and television

The printing ink dispute is settled

The Queen announces the appointment of General George Vanier as the next Governor-General of Canada

Sunday, August 2

In Geneva Mr. Selwyn Lloyd expresses anxiety to Mr. Gromyko about the worsening situation in Laos

Monday, August 3

Mr. Khrushchev is to visit the U.S. in September and President Eisenhower is to go to Russia before the end of the autumn. President Eisenhower is also going to Europe within the next few weeks to visit Western leaders

New agreements on the status of Nato troops in Western Germany are signed in Bonn by the Federal Government and six other Western countries

Tuesday, August 4

News of Mr. Khrushchev's forthcoming visit to the United States is welcomed in Russia and countries behind the Iron Curtain but has a mixed reception in American and West European newspapers

State of Emergency declared in Laos

The name of the architects of Churchill College, Cambridge, the design for which was reproduced on this page last week, should have been given as Richard Sheppard, Robson and Partners.



A royal family reunion: the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh being greeted by Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, Princess Margaret and their children, the Duke of Cornwall and Princess Anne, at London Airport last Sunday at the end of their six-weeks' tour of Canada



President Eisenhower announces a special press conference in Washington on August 3 that he and Mr. Khrushchev have agreed to exchange official visits during the coming autumn



A photograph taken at the headquarters of the British Federation of Master Printers in London after agreement had been reached between both sides in the printing dispute on July 31, at the end of seventeen days' discussion under the independent chairmanship of Lord Birkett (centre). Seated with him are, left, Mr. W. A. Morrison, Chairman of the Printing and Kindred Trades Federation; right, Mr. R. A. Jackson, Chairman of the employers' labour committee. Standing, left to right, are Mr. G. G. Eastwood, General Secretary of the Printing and Kindred Trades Federation; Mr. A. Jeans, President of the Newspaper Society; and Mr. L. E. Kenyon, Director of the British Federation of Master Printers



'Mooncoin Anita', a blue Persian kitten entered in the three to six months class in the Kensington Kitten and Neuter Cat Club Show at the old Horticultural Hall in London last week



This year's dry summer has helped their harvest exceptionally well at S



Mr. Richard Nixon, Vice-President of the United States, being enthusiastically received by the crowd as he drove through the streets of Warsaw last Sunday on his arrival in the Polish capital from Moscow for a short visit. *Left:* Mr. Nixon signing autographs for Russian bathers during a trip he made on the Moskva river with Mr. Khrushchev the previous week



farmers in many parts of the country to get in photograph shows a field of barley being cut Gloucestershire, last week



Villagers of Susa dancing round Jumbo, the elephant from Turin Zoo, on her arrival in Italy with the Hannibal expedition, after an unsuccessful attempt to follow the route that Hannibal took across the Alps. Owing to bad weather, Jumbo eventually had to be brought over the easier road through the Mont Cenis Pass



A display of Highland dancing at the Lochearnhead Games held last week at Glen Ogle, Perthshire

Left: the women's eighty-metres hurdles event on the first day of the athletics meeting between Britain and Western Germany at White City last Saturday. The race was won by Z. Kopp of Germany (No. 1); C. Quinton of Great Britain (No. 4) was second. The British women won the match by 64 points to 51; Germany won the men's match by 117 points to 95

I Served a Maharaja

By SIR CONRAD CORFIELD

I SERVED a Maharaja for two years. Ten years later I had to be responsible for deposing him and sending him into exile. But I did not know that then. All I knew was that this Maharaja ruled a State a little larger than Belgium and a little smaller than Holland, and had asked for my services as his 'Adviser' for a year.

I had never met him, but I had heard about his State. It lay between Allahabad (where the Nehru family had their home) and Jubbulpore (which was a great military cantonment); and it was famous for its tiger jungles. I had also heard that the Maharaja's family was very orthodox and that his father had refused to allow the railway from Bombay to Calcutta to pass through his capital because travellers might be eating beef in the restaurant car, and to have the flesh of the sacred cow eaten so near his home was more than he could stomach.

There had also recently been rumours of disaffection in the State. Did this mean that trouble was brewing? If so, what exactly would the position of an Adviser be? Should I have any control? If not, would I be held responsible if things went wrong?

I was soon to find the answers. Serious trouble was brewing. The farmers were overtaxed, many of the farm labourers were practically slaves, the townsfolk had no influence and the nobles, who were the chief landowners, had no security. Each had different reasons for discontent, but all were combining against the Maharaja, and the pot was obviously ready to boil over.

On arrival I found a gallant friend and supporter; a retired Indian Officer from the Punjab who was the State Inspector-General of Police. I will call him Singh for short. He knew exactly what was going on, and when I asked him how soon he thought the explosion would come he replied blandly that he would let me know in good time. So with his help I prepared a plan to restore the ruler's authority. It meant acting before the pot boiled. His Highness, however, was afraid of public criticism if he acted too soon, and wanted to wait for the explosion. So he dashed off to Delhi to consult the authorities and returned to say that they supported his view.

I bowed and said I was only his Adviser and would of course accept any other plan he approved: but I presumed that, if it did not succeed, he would in fairness to me admit that it was adopted against my advice. On the other hand, if my plan was adopted, I would of course take full responsibility: if it failed, I took the blame: if it succeeded, he got the credit. His Highness replied that he wanted time to think it over. The next morning the State Surgeon rang me up to say that His Highness had fever. And he had—102 degrees! Twenty-four hours later I was allowed to see him in bed. He had decided to accept my plan, and asked only to be told the date on which it was to be put into execution, as he then proposed to depart for the jungles and shoot tiger.



Sir Gulab Singh (1903-1950), Maharaja of Rewa State

There was not much time left for the preliminary arrangements. Among other things plans had to be ready for closing the border against infiltration, for tracing and marking down the local agitators and for preparing places for their detention. Singh told me of some old forts in the jungle which could be adapted, so I let it be known how interested I was in archaeology and did a tour of these ancient monuments. This provided an excellent excuse for their repair, but as the public was not at all interested, no one noticed how much barbed wire was required for this work.

Meanwhile, Singh had traced the committee which was planning the revolt and had succeeded in planting his agent as a member of it. So we knew their plans well in advance and were presently informed of the date fixed for the uprising. While His Highness made his arrangements to shoot tiger, we completed ours. Then, a day or two in advance of the 'explosion' date, in one concerted swoop, the border was closed, the leaders were arrested and all were whisked off to their allotted forts.

I did not sleep much that night, but all was calm until the date fixed for the uprising. The crowds then began to gather and march on the capital, as planned, but deprived of their leaders they soon started to falter and dwindle. The few who did reach the capital were quickly dispersed without a single casualty on either side. What would have happened if we had waited for the pot to boil?

Enthusiasm for revolt quickly waned, but one last spurt of defiance was organized, a mammoth meeting, of which we were suitably warned! The State Cavalry emerged from their lines with fluttering lances. Surrounding the meeting on three sides, leaving the fourth side open, they trotted towards the gathering in a hollow square. Without a word of command or a levelled lance the crowd melted gratefully through the open side into the surrounding country. The uprising was at an end!

Now the real work began. The rights of the nobles had to be settled, the state departments required overhaul, and representative bodies needed consideration. But the Maharaja was not so keen now: his authority had been re-established, so why not relax? Each time we met I sensed a question flitting behind his eyes: 'Is an Adviser really necessary?', followed by the question, 'How can I get him to leave without a fuss?' It behoved me to be canny.

The hot weather had begun. It was torture to go out in the midday sun. On a day like an open oven I received a message from the palace that His Highness would like to see me at noon. I bundled sweating into my car and arrived at the palace gates, where a sentry informed my driver that no cars were allowed beyond that point and I must walk the rest of the way. As this had never happened before, the driver pressed me to ignore the order and proceed: but I had no wish to be found guilty of forcing a sentry and returned home. The A.D.C. soon rang up to say that His Highness had been expecting me at noon: I replied that I had done my best but had been stopped by a sentry. There was a long pause and the sound of distant discussion, followed by a final message: 'His Highness regrets the sentry's mistake and will be glad to see you as soon as possible'.

I had had experience of these summonses and the long waits to suit His Highness's pleasure, so I took a crime novel with me. I had been there nearly an hour when the A.D.C. entered to say that His Highness would not be keeping me much longer. I begged him not to hurry as I had reached the most exciting part of my story. A moment later I was escorted into His Highness's presence with apologies for the delay. I bowed and protested that I would far rather earn His Highness's pay by reading a novel in his cool reception room than conduct state business in my stuffy bungalow.

After that we got on much better and had many long arguments. For instance, he wanted to reduce the nobles' privileges because of their disloyalty: I pressed him to make their legitimate rights secure so that they would remain loyal next time. I wanted to raise the pay of the police and he said they were paid 15 rupees a month and took 15 rupees in bribes: if they were paid 30 rupees a month (as I suggested) their price would go up and they would take 30 rupees in bribes: so the public would have to pay 60 rupees a month for the same services they were now getting for 30, and the police

would get twice what they were worth. When I suggested a representative assembly he denied that democracy brought any contentment and declined to have anything to do with such things as votes.

But we gradually arrived at some compromises, until I pressed him too hard over the nobles' rights. He then had a brain-wave and invited me to represent the State at the Round Table Conference to be held in London. I could hardly refuse, so I was safely out of the State for three months, and while the cat was away His Highness took the opportunity to pay a visit to Berlin for reasons of his own. Encouraged by this interlude, he asked me to continue as his Adviser for a second year. I accepted, because I hoped to pursue some of my proposals. Perhaps I was too optimistic, though I did prepare a five-year plan and get it started.

But do not imagine that life was all work. I had just bought a ciné camera and was anxious to record pictures which would interest my family at home. I asked my friend Singh if he could produce a dancing girl for me to photograph. He suggested the old palace in the city as a good background and there we met. A few days later I emerged from my bungalow in the cool of the evening to find her awaiting me, accompanied by her manageress. Covering her face shyly with her *sari* she presented me with some ears of corn, which I blushing accepted. Then with a hurried exchange of courtesies, I leapt into my car and was off. Just as well! I was told later that ears of corn are the emblems of fertility!

The royal game was tiger. This was the only State where the white (albino) tiger existed. His Highness had shot hundreds of tigers in his time. He found the easiest way to bag them was

to take with him a book and a monkey on a long string. When seated in the *machan*, he would release the monkey, who immediately climbed into the top branches. He would then give the signal for the beat to start and settle down to read. As soon as the tiger approached, the monkey would spot him and give the cough with which all monkeys warn the jungle folk that Sher Khan the tiger is on the prowl. His Highness would then quickly put down his book, pick up his rifle and get ready to shoot.

He did not, however, like having V.I.P.s sent to his State to 'get a tiger'. One Privy Councillor, who had virtually invited himself, spent four days in the jungle without seeing the hint of a stripe. When I suggested to His Highness that this was rather bad luck on such an eminent politician, he replied curtly that he had promised him tiger *beats*, not tiger.

In between these excitements I had been able to arrive at a settlement of the nobles' rights, but the rules which were necessary to bring the settlement into effect needed the Maharaja's signature. It was not forthcoming, and I only had a few weeks to go before my two years were up. So I wrote to my boss in Delhi and asked if I could pay him a visit. When the reply came I asked the Maharaja for a week's leave. He came round the same evening to my house and we shared a whisky on the verandah. As he left, he asked me where I was going for my leave. I replied: 'To Delhi'.

'And who are you going to stay with?' he inquired.

'The Political Secretary', I said.

'Oh! I see . . . I hope you have a nice time'. The rules arrived that evening at my house duly signed.

So my appointment to serve a Maharaja came

to an end. I was not sorry, as he would produce no money to finance the five-year plan and progress was at a standstill. In due course things went from bad to worse and, as I have said, ten years later he was deposed and ended his life an exile in Bombay.

But we parted friends, and in token of our two years together he wished to present me with a gold cigarette case. I had to point out politely that I was forbidden to accept such a present. He smiled and waited until we had occasion to be staying at Viceregal Lodge together for a conference. At the close of our visit I was summoned to see the Viceroy, Lord Willingdon. After a few opening remarks His Excellency inquired what I thought of the rule forbidding government servants to accept presents. I replied that, if the present was one which placed you under no obligation, I could not see that it mattered. 'Just my view', he said, and then with a smile: 'Would a gold cigarette case put you under any obligation to your Maharaja?'

'Not a bit', I replied.

'Then here it is!' said His Excellency, and he opened a drawer and handed me a packet.

I was just about to put the packet in my pocket when he said, 'Let's open it and see if it's a real one!' So we did, and it was! You have to be a Viceroy like Lord Willingdon to break rules with such charm.

What I now remember best during my time with the Maharaja was that on the first of each month my salary was brought round to me by the Finance Minister in an envelope bulging with notes and that they added up to the full amount. There were no deductions on account of income or any other tax. Can you believe that such places used to exist?

—From a talk in the Home Service

The Mathematics of Rubber Bridge

By HAROLD FRANKLIN and TERENCE REESE



IN RUBBER BRIDGE there are hidden values that do not appear on the score sheet. Thus, a side scores nothing above the line for its first game, but that game obviously has a value beyond the points recorded below the line. Similarly, a part score is worth more than the points actually recorded.

Before a player can judge the extent of the risks he can take in competitive bidding, he needs to be able to assess these unseen values.

When neither side is vulnerable the hidden value of the first game is, in strict theory, 350 points. This is because the side scoring the first game has a 50 per cent. chance of winning a 700-point rubber. The remaining possibilities cancel out: that is to say, the side has a 25 per cent. chance of winning a 500 rubber and a 25 per cent. chance of losing one.

To this theoretical value of 350 points has to be added the visible value of the trick score, say 120 or so, giving a total of 470. On the other hand, the side that is not vulnerable has an advantage because it can bid with greater freedom; this factor cannot be exactly assessed, but it is generally reckoned that the true value of the first game is some 400 points, as against

the theoretical value of 470. It follows that it shows a slight loss to concede a penalty of 500 to save the first game of a rubber, and a slight gain to save at the expense of only 300.

When one side only is vulnerable, the value of the equalizing game is clearly the same as the value of the first game, that is 400, since it puts the two sides on level terms. Thus it does not pay the side that is game up to go down 500 to prevent the opponents from drawing level.

To the vulnerable pair, the value of the rubber game is about 500 points, not the 820 or so that will be entered on the score sheet. This is because, while they will win a rubber of at least 900 points, 400 of those are, in effect, already in the bank, as was shown above. It follows that, not vulnerable against vulnerable, a side that goes down 500 to save a game breaks about level.

When both sides are vulnerable, the value of the game is accurately represented on the score sheet. To go down 500 to save the game now shows a slight profit, for the opponents would have had 500 plus the trick score.

As to slam bidding, a small slam, not vulner-

able, is rewarded by an extra 500. If it fails by one trick the actual loss is also about 500 (300 game equity plus about 150 trick score plus 50 penalty); so the small slam is an even proposition and can reasonably be bid on a finesse. Vulnerable against not, the small slam scores a bonus of 750. In the event of failure by one trick, the loss is about 650 (400 game equity plus 150 for tricks plus 100 penalty); so the slam is worth bidding at slight odds against. When both sides are vulnerable the slam still brings in 750 but the loss is also about 750 (since the game equity is now 500); so again the slam is about an even proposition.

In short, the most favourable moment for a small slam is when vulnerable against not vulnerable. Most players interpret this matter in a contrary sense, liking to take the sure profit from a 700 rubber.

As for grand slams, the gain not vulnerable is 500, the loss, as against a small slam made, about 1,000; so odds of 2 to 1 in favour are required. The figure is much the same in other vulnerability positions.

The hidden value of a part score will be considered in next week's article.

Forgotten Galleries—IV: Leeds

By QUENTIN BELL

As one enters the City Art Gallery at Leeds one is greeted, appropriately enough, by a dog—it is admirably painted by Stubbs—but it is the big family group by Henry Moore, a concave pair harmoniously connected with a convex baby, that catches the eye, for me; indeed, it sets the tone of the entire collection not simply because it is a very fine piece of work but because Henry Moore is still in some ways a controversial figure, the subject of silly philistine jokes; and to exhibit a work by him shows enterprise. This, to my mind, is an enterprising gallery and, as one may say, an aesthetic battlefield, even though so many of the battles have been won long ago in the great campaigns of the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries.

In saying this I am of course deliberately disregarding a collection—the largest of its kind in the provinces, I should imagine—of English water-colours and drawings. Properly speaking, the greater part of this article should be devoted to this extremely important treasure; but I feel myself inadequate for the task. Also there are some interesting Old Masters, including Guido's arresting but over expressive John the Baptist, a striking, highly dramatized Italian ruin by Coccorante, and much else. There is a room devoted to what, very roughly, may be described as Barbizon, which contains in addition several Corots and a fine Constable. In the same room there is a portrait by Fantin Latour, the most vigorous and impressive work that I have ever seen by this artist, and a sketch for Courbet's 'Demoiselles du Village'. There is also a room devoted to French masters of the turn of the century, a small collection but admirably chosen including Signac, Vuillard, Bonnard, and Derain—everything first rate of its kind.

These foreign masters of the more recent past help to set the scene for the rich and very complete collection of English painters from the New English to the present day. This is in every way remarkable; for stranded here, as I suppose, by one of those bequests that come with a positive tangle of legal strings attached to them, is a wonderful sample of cultivated British taste at the end of the last century: glittering Boldinis, acres of empty Brangwyn, Orpen, Lavery, Buxton Knight, and Mark Fisher. From a sociological point of view they are fascinating, nor are they unworthy of study on other grounds. The Clausens, in particular, are

serious competent works which always contain passages of great beauty; his 'Girl in Black' is painted with real conviction, a real understanding of structure. But the most astonishing object is Alfred Gilbert's 'Wilson Fireplace', an enormous construction in which Renaissance and Gothic ideas are united by an incredible



'Les Demoiselles du Village', by Gustave Courbet, in the City Art Gallery, Leeds

accumulation of fussy detail, timid and yet sensuous, which nevertheless manages somehow to achieve a kind of unity. It is, as one might say, a monument of masterly hesitation, a vast conglomeration of repeated mouldings, tortuous symbolic figures, the whole marked by that consistency peculiar to nearly all of Gilbert's work—a consistency of milk chocolate which has been left too long in a hot place. To make consummate what was consummate already there is a pale, decadent, very badly painted face in the centre. The entire confection has such intense character that in its rather horrible way it succeeds.

The plump, stuffy, anxiously idealistic world that produced Gilbert and the New English (along with a great deal of salon painting of far less merit) held to genteel values which were sharply challenged by Sickert. His work, which is well represented here, stands in illuminating contrast to George Sauters's charming but anaemic evocations of Whistler. The next stage of the struggle can be followed in the paintings, of which there is a very good collection, of Sickert's followers: Gilman, Spencer Gore, and Bevan. In these we can see clearly the startling transition from the subdued tonal painting of Camden Town before it encountered the Post-

Impressionists, and the blue lines and jagged shapes which characterize the work of these painters after 1910. The London Group is commemorated by good examples of Duncan Grant and Matthew Smith, Euston Road by one of Victor Pasmore's still lifes, and the latest movements by Ceri Richards, Keith Vaughan, and

Alan Reynolds. It is possible, in fact, to obtain something like a conspectus of the entire development of serious painting in this country from the time of Whistler (who is represented at Temple Newsam) to the present day. It must be added that the younger painters are not at present well shown.

Having experienced the vertiginous pleasures of the twentieth century, the visitor may discover something rather more placid though no less charming at Temple Newsam. For this purpose he should take a tram, which has itself something of the quality of a museum piece, and this will presently glide to a halt against the sycamore avenue in the middle of Temple Newsam Park. Here, as so often happens in Leeds, the wanderer finds himself cast abruptly into the country. Rooks call dolefully across a wooded valley and clichés arise spontaneously to the lips of the journalist. Temple Newsam itself is a large dwelling house with nothing palatial about it. The eighteenth century has added dignity and regularity to the south front, but for the rest this is an early-seventeenth-century building adorned only by its simple horizontal mouldings, its grave asymmetric fenestration, and the pious inscription written in bold capitals around its courtyard.

The interior is splendid and surprising. A great deal of eighteenth-century furniture, some of it of extremely high quality, has been imported and arranged with both taste and ingenuity, and here too there are pictures: Reynolds, Guardi, Gainsborough and, more surprisingly, an excellent little picture by Walter Greaves.

Temple Newsam is very much to the credit of the City of Leeds; so too is the Art Gallery. The galleries have been blessed by a series of enterprising and able directors and, as a result of this, or perhaps as a result of the same original cause, Leeds supports its gallery with a purchasing grant which, though it ought certainly to be increased, is considerably greater than that of some other cities the claims of whose galleries have been forgotten.

Letters to the Editor

Immorality and Treason

Sir,—I am the man on the Clapham omnibus. I prefer to think with Professor Hart (*THE LISTENER*, July 30), as against Sir Patrick Devlin's opinion, that the sanctions of the criminal law do not and should not depend on my feelings of intolerance, indignation, and disgust. If they did, people would be hanged for cruelty to animals.

However, we men of Clapham have our rational moments even when embussed. Since this discussion has centred upon the subject of homosexuality, I wish to state that my feelings of intolerance, indignation, and disgust, in common with those of others who live in this area, are aroused less by the thought of homosexual behaviour than by the injustice and brutality of the present law.—Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.4 A. HALLIDIE SMITH

Sir,—Surely Professor Hart builds up his talk (*THE LISTENER*, July 30) to a fallacy? We have ceased burning 'witches' because we have learnt that there is no such thing as witchcraft, that it is a vulgar delusion, a chimera. But we have not learnt that homosexuality is a vulgar delusion—it is a fact in present-day life. Is that fact dangerous to the State? History says 'Yes'.

Yours, etc.,

Higher Brixham FRANK STONE

Trade Unions and Public Opinion

Sir,—I am grateful to the correspondents who wrote to you about my talk on 'Trade Unions and Public Opinion' and I regret that I have not the time and you have not the space which would allow me to reply to their questions as fully as I would like.

Mr. Claud Mullins asks why the unions should affiliate with one political party. The short answer is that the unions support the political party whose policies most nearly reflect the conclusions that trade unions draw from their intimate experience of industry. I personally think that it is much better for the political health of this country that trade unions should commit themselves, by affiliation, to one particular party rather than that they should try to trade their support for particular favours—which is what the American unions are supposed to do, though even they are more constant in practice than in theory.

As to 'contracting out' of political fund contributions, a very strong case indeed can be made out for trade unions to have the right to dispense with political funds altogether and to use income from any source for political purposes. However, they have never pressed for that right and I can assure Mr. Mullins that the right to 'contract out' is a real one. For example, there are 8,500,000 trade unionists affiliated to the T.U.C. of which not more than 5,500,000 are affiliated through their unions to the Labour Party. I do not recall any election in Germany under Hitler in which three persons in eight voted 'Nein'.

I am sure that Mr. Humphrey knows more about the law relating to trade unions than I do and that he is literally correct in saying that a union is legally permitted 'to make any rule it

wishes'. Even so, trade unions do not abuse this right and, indeed, the impression we have is that the Courts would not lend their support to a union or its officers in enforcing a rule that was unreasonable. The unions are much more anxious to recruit than to expel members and if a man is expelled in accordance with the rules it is invariably for reasons which will stand up to independent investigation. If a man is expelled not according to the union's rules he can claim the protection of the Courts.

Though Mr. Edwards dislikes the practice whereby a union casts its total vote in one block and though the phrase 'block vote' is easily made to sound ominous, there is really nothing out of the way in this practice. A union is a union and not merely a collection of individuals. It is, among other things, a means of enabling its members to agree to adopt a common attitude to particular matters. The common attitude may be the result of compromise or majority vote. More often the former than the latter. If a union were to divide 1,000,000 votes into 500,001 for and 499,999 against, its effective voting strength would be exactly one.

It would be a funny kind of 'union' that met simply to collect individual opinions. I know of no system of voting to elect a representative or to decide between conflicting policies which is without theoretical blemish. The real question is surely not one of mechanics but of the spirit in which issues are approached and decided.

Yours, etc.,

London, W.C.1 GEORGE WOODCOCK

The Spanish Bullfight

Sir,—I read with great interest Mr. Alistair Cooke's talk on the Spanish bullfight in *THE LISTENER* of June 18. I am sure it will do much to induce visitors to Spain to go to see one.

To pacify the squeamish he preferred not to tell his listeners anything about the four stages of the bullfight. This is unfortunate for had he done so he would have saved many tourists who go to a bullfight, urged by curiosity, much pain and many pesetas. For the benefit of this class of tourists and for truth's sake I should like to outline the four stages.

In the first stage of a bullfight there is some fascinating play with the cloak—the first attempt to dominate the bull. Sometimes in this stage the bull is made to charge the barrier head on, which is a very efficacious way of slowing him down. In the next stage the picador, seated on an old horse, stabs the bull in its neck muscles or thereabouts as many times as the President of the 'corrida' thinks fit. During the process the horse and picador are often knocked down or crushed against the barrier. In the third act three pairs of *banderillas* are planted in his wounds. The bull in pain tries to shake them off, but he cannot do this because of the barbed points of the *banderillas*.

In the fourth act the matador faces the bull alone, and the bull faces and tries to toss the *muleta*, or red cloth, the man holds and with which he makes the passes. The passes tire out the wounded and bleeding bull, it is dazed. Now comes 'the moment of truth' (why it is called this I don't know): the matador causes the bull

to stand square, and holding the *muleta* before its eyes plunges his sword between its shoulder-blades; at least, that is what he tries to do. If successful the bull rolls over and dies; but generally more thrusts are needed. Then the bull lies down to die, but often not until a '*puntillero*' severs his spinal cord with a kind of dagger. The 'fight' lasts about twenty minutes.

These delectable items were omitted by Mr. Alistair Cooke in his interesting talk about the Spanish bullfight which, he says, was planted in Spanish life 800 years ago. Yes, it is a very old tradition and more and more Spaniards are thinking that it has lived long enough.

Yours, etc.,

Prov. Gerona, Spain FRANCISCO FORGAS

[In his talk on the bullfight Mr. Alistair Cooke said: 'There are Spaniards who dislike it'.—EDITOR, *THE LISTENER*]

Most Accomplished Poet?

Sir,—Mr. David Paul makes some not over subtle distinctions between words, but many of us are wondering what, if anything, he means by writing that neither Blake nor Yeats was a very dexterous or versatile craftsman. Not only did Blake invent 'more new stanza forms than any poet before him' (I quote Enid Hamer, *The Metres of English Poetry*), but it is craftsmanship, and that alone, which gives value to certain of his verses (e.g. 'America, a Prophecy'). As for Yeats, it is again precisely his craftsmanship which so deeply affects today's poets, even in cases where their thinking is diametrically opposed to his (see Mr. Auden's poem on Yeats's death).

Of the accomplishment of Mr. Pound there can be little doubt. His services to Yeats and to Mr. Eliot seem to have been those of a most ingenious stress-mechanic.—Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.1 HUGH DOMINIC PURCELL

Japan

(continued from page 197)

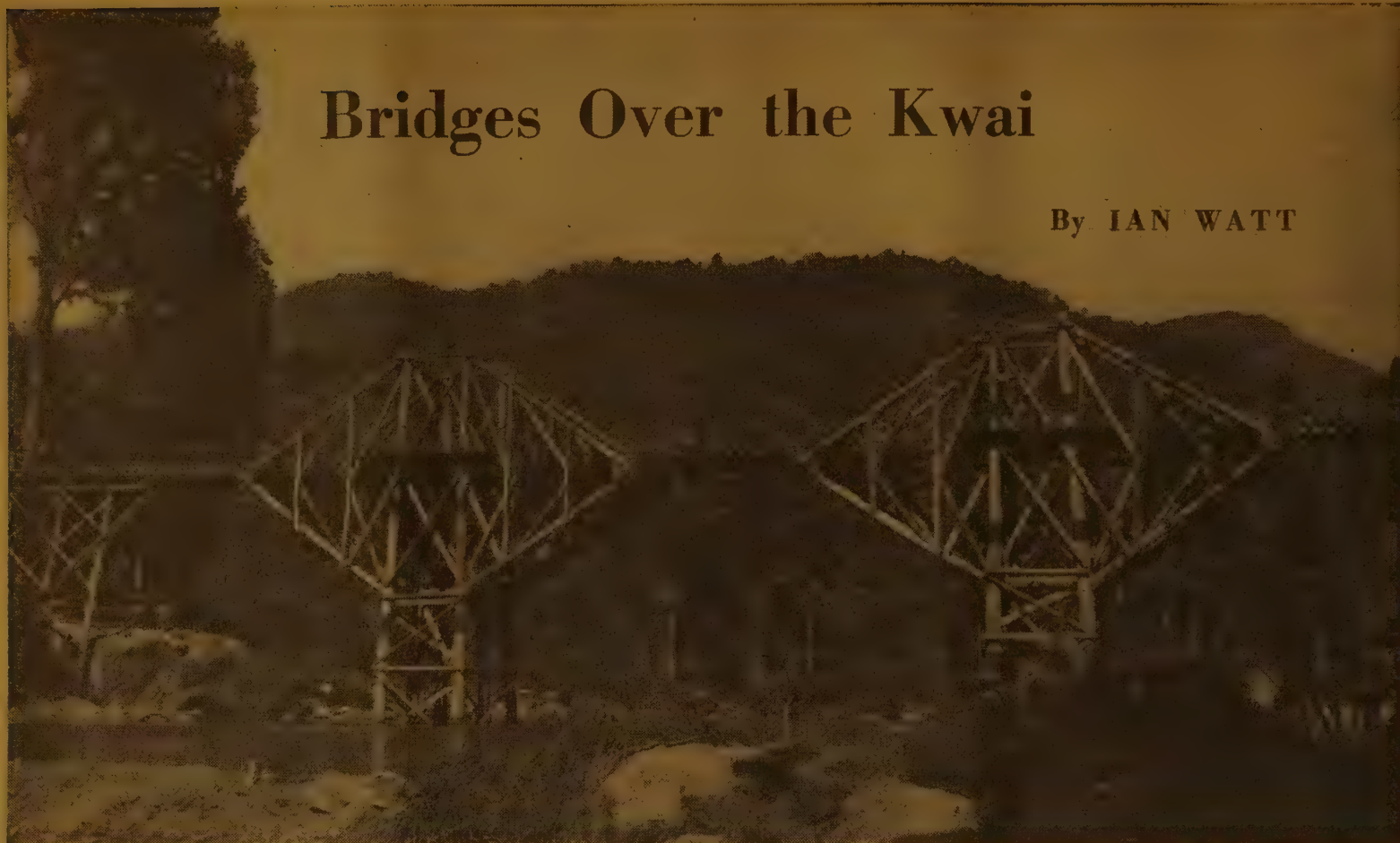
prosperity. Yet both may gain from it', to quote a Japanese protagonist of this course. 'It is quite possible that China's insistence on our neutrality is dictated less by sinister political motives than just by genuine fear lest we might once again turn against her. A neutral Japan might mean that the Americans would lose a restive ally, but they would gain a reliable friend. As for the Chinese, it would add to their feeling of security, and, in return, they might offer economic concessions to Japan. As for ourselves, it might help us to preserve some of our newly won freedoms and to re-establish our self-respect not as conquerors but as Asia's most influential neutral'.

It would be difficult to achieve and maintain such a situation. It would rest on a delicate balance of forces on each side, and the Japanese themselves would have to watch that it was not upset. Yet, in the long run, it may be the best the West could expect. Not the least of its merits would be that it would correspond to what the great majority of the Japanese seem to want.

—Third Programme

Bridges Over the Kwai

By IAN WATT



The 'Kwai bridge' of the film: the set, constructed by Ceylon Army engineers, took eight months to build

WHEN M. Pierre Boule's novel, *The Bridge Over the River Kwai*, came out in 1952 its title caught my attention, because the famous Burma-Siam railway had been built along a river that the Siamese called the *Qué-*, or *Kwai- Noi*. The only bridge that had actually been built over the Kwai was the big one at Tamarkan; but when I started reading I found that M. Boule was not writing about Tamarkan or any other actual bridge: his work was fiction, almost fantasy; it certainly did not reflect my own unforgotten images of what had happened ten years before along the banks of the Kwai; and yet, as I read on, I found that it had its own kind of truth.

* * * *

Needless to say, nothing much like Colonel Nicholson's successful defiance of Japanese orders had actually taken place at Tamarkan or anywhere else. In November 1942, I had been in a camp just north of Tamarkan. Our senior colonel had refused repeated Japanese demands that all available officer prisoners of war be sent out to work on the railway; but when one morning we were all ordered on parade, and the Japanese guards took up their positions and loaded their rifles and machine guns, our colonel had felt obliged to give in. Soon, all along the railway, most of the officers were doing manual labour.

This was probably inevitable; we could not bargain with the Japanese because we had nothing to offer them which they could not take anyway; and we certainly had nothing like Nicholson's trump card, in the novel, his

ability to do what the Japanese could not do, build the bridge. For the Japanese military engineers had actually been perfectly capable of planning their own bridges and forcing us to build them. Their methods were rough, and often confused; but given the need to finish the nearly 300 miles of railway in less than a year, over a route which Western engineers had pronounced insuperably difficult, and with most inadequate means, the Japanese methods were probably the only ones which could have succeeded.

It certainly seemed odd that M. Boule should base his plot on the illusion that the West still had a monopoly of technological skill, when the Japanese capture of Singapore had made their ability to adapt Western methods to their own purposes so painfully obvious. The Japanese, I knew, had had enough technological expertness to get their work done in their own way; we, on the other hand, had been forced to collaborate with them on building a strategic military railway. We even helped sometimes with the planning; if, for example, one found some obvious error in the measurements one usually corrected it, because if one did not some Japanese engineer would be sure to come round and, having beaten a few men senseless, force the rest to stay out all night doing the job properly.

Yet collaboration had not gone anything like as far as in M. Boule, if only because to do any more than was absolutely necessary to keep relations with the Japanese tolerable was to get called 'Jap-happy', which was a deadly insult. Colonel Nicholson would have earned that title as soon as he showed that he really wanted to

build the bridge: and if he had gone on he would almost certainly have been replaced. Survival had come before seniority in the jungle camps, and dangerously incompetent or unbalanced commanding officers had usually been quietly side-tracked by their junior colleagues.

Still, I had to admit that Nicholson's tranced commitment to building the bridge was a desperate response to what had been the most incessant of our frustrations as prisoners. However much we had hated the Japanese and their railway, it had been difficult to go on month after month without putting something of our selves into our work. Our lives had been one long and meaningless compromise between our notion of duty and our instinct of workmanship: one minute we would be doing a bit of casual sabotage with a faulty bolt or a well-placed ants' nest, and the next we would be trying to make a neat job of a mortise and tenon joint, or straining to get some heavy timber into perfect alignment.

* * * *

Why had M. Boule manipulated historical reality in exactly the way he had, I wondered. He had apparently been a prisoner of war himself, in Indo-China from 1943 to 1944. It was probably then that he had heard about what was happening on the railway in Siam; if he had not, one felt, actually been on the spot. But why had he created a character with Nicholson's particular combination of heroism and total confusion?

The answer became clearer when I read M. Boule's other books. The hero of his first

novel, William Conrad, was a nazi spy in war-time England who eventually fell in love with the 'British way of life', and died in Africa fighting Rommel. Obviously M. Boule's was one of those war-time love affairs with England, just like that of another French liaison officer, M. André Maurois, after the first world war. M. Maurois's *The Silences of Colonel Bramble* helped me to see Colonel Nicholson much more clearly: both M. Maurois and M. Boule had a genuine admiration for England and its people, but still, they were French; and they could not help thinking that the pluck and charm and even the practical effectiveness of the British were not merely the result of a muddle-headed and schoolboyish resistance to the facts and the logic of the adult world.

In another book, *The Test*, M. Boule had contrasted the harmonious simplicity of the Malayan villagers' way of life with the West's blind devotion to archaic educational traditions. Was not the ultimate purpose of *The Bridge Over the River Kwai* to show the conflict between the technical skill of the West and the blindly destructive way it is used? Nicholson's mastery of means and his complete, though unconscious, muddlement about ultimate ends, made him stand for our civilization in general. Seeing this helped me to understand M. Boule's most glaring departure from the facts: making the Japanese completely dependent on the technological skills of their prisoners. The other part of the story—the commando—underlined exactly the same point. The enormously elaborate preparations of Shears, Warden, and Joyce to blow up the Kwai bridge were parallel to those which Nicholson and his staff had used to build it; and when the two sides collided, and were finally blown up by the mortar shells of Warden, their mutual comrade in arms, it was clear that Boule's novel was really intended to show the destructive consequences that arise from the West's mastery of means but not of ends.

Five years after reading M. Boule's novel I heard that Sam Spiegel had made a film of it, and that the director was David Lean. I remembered how Mr. Lean's refusal to 'glamorize' had made *Brief Encounter* so harrowingly convincing, and I went to see *The Bridge on the River Kwai* hoping that it would recapture something of the way that things had really been.

The first shots were most exciting: there they were, the vultures, the narrow cuttings, the bedraggled prisoners on the line, the long huts with their atap roofs, the graves, the eternal sergeant-major, the derisive compassion of the old hands as the new arrivals marched into camp—I was almost back in the bad old days when I saw that the straggling prisoners who had appeared earlier were now all marking time on the camp parade ground. I could see that it was a striking way of showing how their spirit was unbroken; and this was possible, perhaps probable; but I also remembered how early the prisoners in Siam had lost the boots and the energy that one needs for marking time properly—to say nothing of their tolerance of regimental nonsense.

In the end, except in a few brief flashes, *The Bridge on the River Kwai* did not re-create the peculiar horror of life on the railway; but its

excitement and humour and visual beauty carried me through. Technically, Mr. Lean had obviously shown his old accomplishment. When Nicholson (Sir Alec Guinness) and his officers, for example, were forced to stand all day in the sun, Mr. Lean's imaginative photography made their actual sensations seem powerfully real: there were no shadows; the heat haze suggested dizziness; and the shot taken from the ground looking upwards vividly reminded me of the agonizing effort needed merely to resist the pull of the earth. Later, during the escape of Shears (Mr. William Holden), the sequence when, on the point of hysterical collapse, he was suddenly attacked by a monstrous vulture which actually turned out to be a child's kite, had the same frightening impact as the moment in *Great Expectations* when Magwitch had pounced on Pip in the churchyard.

* * * *

On the other hand there seemed to be something about the very expertness of the film's technique which struck a false note. The bridge itself, with its two great cantilevers whose shape and colour were in such perfect harmony with the surrounding landscape, had a poised serenity which made credible, if anything could, Colonel Nicholson's infatuation with it as a symbol of permanent human achievement; but it was not a bridge that could possibly have been constructed without much more material resources than would have been available under the conditions of the story. Nor was the landscape that of the Siam I had known. Not only because the climate of the river Kelani in Ceylon, where the film was shot, is a good deal more tropical than that of the River Kwai, but because the camera was only allowed to rest on the most perfectly photogenic compositions whose range and balance and clarity could not help suggesting the distant perspective of the tourist, just as they themselves had only been made possible by lenses of great focal length.

These were not the narrow and confused landscapes where we had been tortured by

disease and fear and exhaustion; a formless and colourless amalgam of a prison camp that was a chaos of sagging huts, foul latrines, and decayed bedding, and a railway track that gored the earth with spoil-pits and made a desolation of nature.

Earlier films with much more primitive techniques had portrayed the real atmosphere of war and prison camps much more powerfully; Renoir's *La Grande Illusion*, for example. But those films had not had to satisfy vast audiences all over the world to repay their makers. The world-wide audiences Mr. Spiegel and Mr. Lean needed if they were to make a profit dictated many changes in M. Boule's story. First of all, there had to be a big box-office star, Mr. William Holden. There was no American in the novel, and so an essentially new character had to be created for Shears. He had to have a big part, and yet one suited to Mr. Holden's established screen personality as a good-hearted no-good: and so Shears became both a prisoner and a commando, which meant that—although no prisoner on the railway had actually succeeded—there had to be a miraculous escape, involving the accidental help of some jungle villagers, and a British sea-rescue plane that just happened along.

Mr. Holden himself did wonders with an improbable sequence of roles; he managed to be both convincing and engaging; while for their part Mr. Spiegel and Mr. Lean ingeniously succeeded in using Mr. Holden to unify the two separate parts of the plot—the prisoners and the commando—and to fill out the ideological picture by making Shears stand for the forces of life and reason as opposed to the unthinking devotion to duty of both Nicholson and Warden (Mr. Jack Hawkins).

* * * *

The most gratuitous change from M. Boule's story was also most obviously a matter of 'box office': sex had to be smuggled into the regrettably monastic life-patterns of prison camps and jungle commandos; and so Force 316 was



Colonel Saito (played by Sessue Hayakawa) addressing prisoners in the camp. In the foreground, right, is Colonel Nicholson (Alec Guinness)

allotted four toothsome Siamese girls to help with the heavy baggage. Mr. Holden certainly took the words right out of my mouth when he asked one of them: 'What's a nice girl like you doing in a place like this?'

Such episodes showed how the film world's international perspective is accompanied by a stupefying indifference to the facts of geography or politics. It was bad enough when Warden, a professor of oriental languages at Cambridge pointed impressively to Burma on the map, and called it Thailand; but the whole treatment of the Siamese villagers was exactly the sort of thing that fosters our general ignorance of what the rest of the world really thinks and feels. It is not that there are not plenty of beautiful girls in Siam, or that the lot of its people is not in general perhaps the most enviable one in all Asia; the Siamese were on the whole markedly hostile to the Japanese and friendly to allied prisoners during the war; but still, the poor villagers of Asia have no notion whatever of wanting to devote their lives to the support of Western democracy. Their whole existence inevitably imposes on them a much more limited and self-centred horizon. In all the jungle settlements I saw the results of primitive conditions were only too evident: there were very few Siamese there who did not show the ravages of malaria, trachoma, and a host of other diseases.

Concern for the box office dictated many other changes. The transformation of Colonel Saito (Mr. Sessue Hayakawa), for instance, was transposed from the incompetent and sadistic drunkard of the novel into yet another of those frustrated artists with unhappy childhoods, which brought us right down to the level where all life's problems are resolved into the psychological fatuities of soap opera. What was least changed from the book was the character of Colonel Nicholson; perhaps because Sir Alec Guinness's typical screen personality rests on a stereotype of the British character similar to M. Boule's conception of Colonel Nicholson: clever and ridiculous by turns, amiable and yet self-centred, sensitive but completely impervious to the feelings of others, sophisticated in manner and yet not really grown-up. The more realistic nature of the film medium made the unpleasant side of this self-complacency a good deal more obvious than it had been in the novel, especially in the freezing self-righteousness of some of the later scenes.

* * * *

The ending of the film was completely different from the book. In pure Western style, the train tooted and chugged round the same old corner and the bridge was actually blown up. In the credits I had read that the screen-play was 'written by Pierre Boule': but I had been sceptical, when I saw how all the new characters and situations interfered with M. Boule's essential ideas. The technological analogy between Nicholson and the commandos almost disappeared in the movie; while the commandos, far from conducting meticulous reconnaissances and then testing their demolition procedures on another bridge, as in the novel, were made to scamper desperately to get to their objective on time at all.

When I saw the bridge actually being blown up I felt absolutely sure that M. Boule could not have consented freely to this complete

betrayal of his central irony. I later discovered he had done his best to prevent it. He had objected to many of the changes in the screenplay, and, above all, to the blowing up of the bridge. The answer Mr. Spiegel and Mr. Lean had given him was that the audience would have been waiting for it 'for more than two hours' and if it did not happen 'they would feel frustrated'; in any case, they added, it was impossible to pass up the opportunity for 'such a sensational bit of action'. So, on March 12, 1957, a special bridge that had cost \$250,000 to build was blown up, with a real train crossing it.

In the novel Nicholson's bridge, having taken his life and that of two of the commandos, remained to help the Japanese in their fight against the Allies: M. Boule wanted to show that a tragic muddle must end in tragedy—and muddle. The film offered the much more popular but less logical message that tragic muddle ends in tragedy, yes, but also in triumph. By a series of unlikely accidents the heroism of the dead was gloriously rewarded: the commandos succeeded in their mission because Nicholson finally gave up his delusion and, as he was dying from Warden's mortar bomb, fell down on to the detonator plunger, and sent the timbers hurtling triumphantly into the sky.

On reflection, the utter waste involved in building a fine bridge just to blow it up again to please a public avid for sensational realism seemed an ironically apt example of M. Boule's point about the West's misuse of its technology; and so, perhaps, was the film as a whole. On the one hand there was Mr. Lean's beautiful precision of visual statement and his artful and unhurried co-ordination of all the narrative sequences: on the other there was a screenplay that was an anonymous agglomeration of episodes that, however brilliantly handled, were so different in nature and atmosphere and implication that they added up to much less than the sum of their parts.

Mr. Spiegel and Mr. Lean, in fact, had succumbed to the old lure of providing something for everybody; succumbed with taste and skill, but succumbed. Bit by bit, both M. Boule's novel and the actual events along the River Kwai had been transformed into something much more exciting and affirmative. The grim denials of M. Boule's sardonic comedy had been brushed aside and so had the grey colours of the prison camps, instead, the audience was left with the impression that the life of prisoners under the Japanese was sometimes rather like a football game; that the Saitos and Shearses and Nicholsons of this world were really all heroes in their different ways and very sympathetic, too, when you got to know them properly. No one, in fact, has to pay the full price for cruelty or selfishness or folly—or even for being what they are. To this Mr. Spiegel and Mr. Lean might answer, I suppose, that they had introduced many scenes and dialogues about the folly and horror of war which were not in the novel.

* * * *

Such scenes had certainly been added; but, however effective in themselves, they surely remained isolated fragments whose implication was denied by almost everything else in the film. When Warden was wounded, for example, and

Shears defied his orders and declared that the commando party would stay together and abandon their mission rather than desert their comrade, Mr. Spiegel and Mr. Lean raised a genuine and relevant human problem. But its intractable urgency was immediately dissipated when a litter materialized out of the magic abundance of the jungle; the commandos could go on together after all, and the audience, after a few moments of genuine anguish, could sit back, assured that war's problems can be dissolved by the pliable conventions of mass-entertainment.

* * * *

I suppose I should never have expected to find in either the book or the film the real story of the bridges on the River Kwai. The actual life of a prisoner of war is probably the last subject in the world for fiction. The whole point of his life is that he is not free; that he is not so much a person as an extreme case of a more general modern condition—the powerlessness of the individual caught in the grip of vast collective purposes; in the end what he does makes little difference, and he knows it.

The commonest lesson of the prison camp, I think, is one that everybody really knows but does not like to admit: that survival, always a selfish business, gets more so when it is difficult; and that the greatest difficulties of the task are the result not of any exceptional cruelty or folly but only of the cumulative effects of man's ordinary blindness and egotism and inertia. Nobody, I suppose, would want to read a book or see a film merely to be shown that what was suffered by the real River Kwai was, for the most part, the product of a very common sum.

—Network Three

Dinghy Skirting a Reef

Ploughshares that leave no furrow
Slides through the crumbling water
Where tigerish mackerel go
Slashing through shoals of fry—
The seething brine is bitter
But not because they die.

A cormorant, unfrocked priest
Gross on the groaning skerry,
Parodies holy Easter.
He hangs on the cosy Cross
Of his own skeleton there,
Gorged on his natural Logos.

Up feathers a naked figure,
Pauses, collapses, shot
In the hollow breast by a rainbow
And, pattering sideways, rests
In his Abraham's bosom of water,
His lecherous old ancestor.

The brown sail wags, leans over
And the whole world spins round
The solid brain at the centre—
Blobbed in the middlemost middle
Of a web of grace abounding,
At once shrill fly, cold spider.

NORMAN MACCAIG

The Listener's Book Chronicle

Tate Gallery: Foreign Paintings, Drawings and Sculpture. By Ronald Alley. Tate Gallery. 20s.

Reviewed by ALAN CLUTTON-BROCK

IT IS TWENTY-FIVE YEARS since the last catalogue of the Tate Gallery's foreign collection was published and in the interval there have been many changes, such as the transfer of works to the National Gallery, and many new acquisitions; also more is no doubt expected of a catalogue today than in the past. Mr. Alley has well supplied the need and seems to have exactly the kind of mind that is required for the work. Thus it was he who discovered the post-card from which Utrillo painted the Tate Gallery's view of the Porte Saint Martin, and in an article in *The Burlington Magazine* he was able to explain certain peculiarities in the picture by reference to the card. This is the kind of information that can be obtained about a modern painting and urgently requires to be obtained before it is too late. To get such material Mr. Alley has been indefatigable in consulting every possible source and he seems to be a natural detective, even observing, after the fashion of Dr. Thorndyke, grains of sand in the paint surface of Monet's 'La Plage de Trouville' and concluding that this figure composition was done in the open air on the spot.

For modern paintings the most useful source of information is, of course, the artist himself, or if he has recently died, his relations, his friends, and his dealer. None of these can be entirely trusted without confirmation—Monet put the date 1885 on a picture which was almost certainly painted in 1894 and the dealer Durand-Ruel recorded the same picture under the title 'Morning on the Seine at Lavacourt', but Monet's stepson says that it was painted at Port-Villez—yet these people often provide most valuable and interesting facts. It is, for example, surprising to discover, on the authority of the artist himself, that the picture by Rouault which used to be known as 'La Mariée' really ought to be called 'Têtes à Massacre'; it is a representation not of real figures but of aunt sallys. Again, we are a good deal more likely to pay close attention to Matisse's 'Liseuse à L'Ombrelle' when we are told that it is one of the pictures that he never intended to sell—these pictures, he wrote, 'are my library and give me information about my work, my direction'—though he was ready to let an important museum have it. He added that 'it won't frighten the acquisitions committee of the Modern Museum in London'.

A simple explanation for some at least of the mysterious features that abound in modern art may be found by poking about as assiduously as Mr. Alley has done. Why are Marino Marini's horsemen always looking up into the air? It is because they were inspired during the war by the sight of Lombard peasants fleeing from bombers on their frightened horses. How did Vieira da Silva come to develop the curious networks out of which she forms her designs? The sight of the suspension bridge at Marseilles

and the criss-cross of streets in Lisbon had, we are told, a decisive influence upon her style.

The gathering of such material has evidently involved Mr. Alley in a vast amount of correspondence and one is amazed to find how assiduous he has been in checking the smallest points, such as whether Vuillard's landscape, 'Le Toit Rouge' really was painted from the balcony of his brother-in-law's villa. His catalogue ought to accompany one on every visit to the Tate Gallery, though it is not the lightest of books to carry around. The 350 reproductions, mostly very small, include everything that is normally exhibited.

Sorrows, Passions and Alarms

By James Kirkup. Collins. 15s.

'Sorrows, Passions, and Alarms' is a sequel, and a worthy one, to Mr. James Kirkup's enchanting autobiography, 'The Only Child'. It tells of his life in South Shields between the ages of six and eighteen, and opens with an account of the move from 'our canny two-room flat in Cockburn Street' to 'one with three rooms and a scullery in Ada Street'. It was not the 'midnight flitting' to which some of Mr. Kirkup's neighbours had recourse; it was carried out in style by a pantechnicon.

I only felt sorry that after the flaming glory of the name 'Cockburn' (which the grown-ups inexplicably pronounced 'Coburn') our new street, Ada Street, sounded dull and starchy. In 'Cockburn' I saw a great fiery bird made of blazing coals and incandescent feathers, of sparkling soot and velvety ash . . . But 'Ada' somehow suggested a dry, powdery, bloodless person, a stick of squeaking chalk, a slice of stale bread.

'Corky', as his schoolmates called him (a 'Geordie' corruption of Kirkup) was an imaginative little boy and his reactions to the names of 'Cockburn' and 'Ada' are typical examples of his early sensibility; his feeling for life was sensuous, and his senses and his imagination worked together. He did not readily make friends—only two or three friendships that meant anything to him are recorded. Refreshingly frank about himself, he says:

I remember my own selfishness and self-centredness as a child with loathing. Self-centredness is a characteristic of the underprivileged: they feel they must fight to keep the little they have.

But he does not seem so much self-centred as someone for whom things were more important than persons. He soon made friends with 'Teddy' the spider, on whom he finally sat by mistake. But he was not unduly upset; in spite of the 'obsessional' tendencies which have helped to make him a poet, he appears to have glided easily, almost gaily, from one experience and one phase of feeling to another. 'The world is so full of a number of things!'—and though 'Corky' was not always happy, and sometimes, especially at school (what monsters he encountered there, both boys and teachers!), he was extremely unhappy, the book as a whole is so radiant with happiness that its title seems a misnomer. Recollected as they are in tranquillity, the sorrows, passions, and alarms do

not give an impression of the stormy childhood which some say is essential to an artist's development. He was blessed with an ideally happy home life. His father, the carpenter and ex-sergeant-major who enjoyed smashing things, and his mother, who did not, were equally happy with each other and with him. The French proverb that 'an only child makes three fools' finds no confirmation here.

Mr. Kirkup's memory is phenomenal. In a chapter whose material overlaps that of his earlier book he gives examples of its precocity. In the main its retentiveness is pure gain to the reader, providing him with a well of English childhood undefiled (for the sexual problems of adolescence do not obtrude). We have the huge, cloudy symbols, but we also have the concrete instances which nourished them, set down in a style as limpid and effortless as a brightly running brook. And if at times some long catalogue—of the names of sweets, for instance—suggests that in the commonwealth of Mr. Kirkup's childhood all facts were born free and equal, we can never say that he doesn't invest them with magic and nostalgia.

L. P. HARTLEY

Rural England 1086-1135: a Study of Social and Agrarian Conditions

By Reginald Lennard.

Clarendon Press, Oxford. £2 5s.

No other country in the world possesses a record even remotely resembling Domesday Book as a description of its economy and its landscapes nearly 900 years ago. Full of pitfalls and obscurities as it is, it can be made nevertheless to yield almost endless information about the human geography of England at the end of the eleventh century. Though it has been closely studied by generations of scholars, it is still yielding fresh fruit in abundance.

Mr. Lennard's book is the latest onslaught on this incomparable record, and on others nearly contemporary with it, and takes us much further in our knowledge of English rural society than anything hitherto. The product of many years' study in retirement, in the pleasant valley of the Cherwell which appears so often in his pages, Mr. Lennard's book will be welcomed not only by fellow scholars but by a large number of laymen who take an informed interest in the social history of their native countryside, and in the manner in which its landscapes and buildings have come into being. This is a work of great learning, but it is suffused with a vivid feeling for the actual countryside, whatever the region under scrutiny, with a feeling for the peasant and his fields who, in the last resort, supported the vast weight of feudal England with all its elaborate superstructure.

Mr. Lennard does well to remind us in his first chapter heading that England was already 'an old country' when the Normans took it over. There was probably more land under the plough in 1086 than in 1914. Not a few villages were twice as populous as they are today. With relatively few exceptions, rural England was already fully settled: all the villages were there,

most of the hamlets, and—what Mr. Lennard does not, perhaps, bring out clearly enough—pretty well all the farms. The fens, woods, and moors we know today were there in 1086, somewhat larger in extent; but Mr. Lennard deliberately minimizes the extent of the wild, untamed land over most of England. It is not a picture of 'islands of cultivation in a sea of waste' as used to be thought even of early Tudor England, but of islands of waste (some of them large, it is true) in a sea of farmland. And even the waste—a misleading word that could well be banished from our textbooks—was put to various uses and was not without value.

Domesday England was a country of enormous estates. Taking Oxfordshire as a typical county in this respect, Mr. Lennard shows that the king and five great tenants-in-chief under him 'owned' half the county. Even when we take into account the widespread sub-infeudation of lands by the magnates, we are still left with the fact that the royal estates and the demesne lands of the five largest tenants-in-chief covered nearly one-third of Oxfordshire's agricultural resources. This was a far bigger measure of inequality than in 1873, the peak of nineteenth-century landlordism, when the six largest landlords owned less than one-seventh of the county. In this concentration of ownership (to use a modern term rather loosely of a feudal society) the native landowners were an insignificant element. They represent the wreckage of the Conquest, though at the bottom of the scale the native peasantry may have come off better than their old landlords. But the agricultural wealth of England was firmly in alien hands after 1066.

There were, however, small estates in Norman England and these, I think, deserved rather more space than Mr. Lennard has given them. One of the still-unexplored fields of Domesday topography is the existence of small estates, of two, three, or four small manors lying together, held by one Saxon landlord, which survived the Conquest without being broken up. There may well have been some good agricultural reason why this should have been so. These small compact estates are especially interesting also because, in some parts of England at least, they were held by the ancestors of our nineteenth-century squires. The vast holdings of Norman kings, ecclesiastics, and lay magnates have long ago been dissolved, but down to 1914 (and occasionally even today) one could find estates of a few thousand acres still owned by the descendants of some very minor tenant recorded in Domesday Book or shortly afterwards. It was this 'middle class' of landowners, midway between the peasantry and the magnates, who survived all the violent changes of English history from the eleventh century to the nineteenth.

There is so much in this closely packed book that one could talk about. Even the footnotes have their surprises. We all know that there used to be vineyards in England, but who would have thought that nearly a quarter of them lay in cool, grey Essex? One would have guessed Somerset or Devon or Sussex.

The long chapter on 'The Village Churches' is full of curious information, but it is also an important discussion of the origins of the English parochial system about which so little is known for certain. All local historians would do well to read and ponder these pages for their own purposes. Again, we all know or suspect that Domesday Book is a poor source for the

existence of village churches, except in Suffolk and one or two other eastern counties, but Mr. Lennard shows that it is totally unreliable as a guide to this side of English history and topography. For Kent, Domesday Book records about 175 churches; but other sources which are contemporary, or nearly so, suggest that there were over 400 churches of pre-Norman origin in that county. Practically every village in Kent had its church by 1086, and the parson was already a familiar figure in village society. Kent may well have been advanced in this respect, but there can be no doubt that village churches were infinitely more numerous in every English county than Domesday Book would suggest.

This is an admirable book, which one will continually be consulting as an authority for many years to come. Yet one regrets that Mr. Lennard chose to begin his survey of rural England at 1086 rather than in 1066, if only because this choice emphasizes unduly, I think, the magnitude of the break in English rural life at the actual farming level. The Saxon magnates were thrown out, Norman and Breton landlords came in. But what did these changes really mean in the immemorial life of the English countryside? Was there any break in the continuity of farming, or even in the personnel of peasant farmers? How far were actual estates broken up? Doubtless there were vast changes in 1066, but they may have been almost entirely at the top.

I regret, too, that Mr. Lennard excluded all consideration of agricultural techniques from his book. There is some discussion of livestock farming (but there could well have been more) and none of arable farming, which is admittedly an obscure subject at this period. I venture to say that Domesday Book is more informative about this and other matters than Mr. Lennard is prepared to concede. Above all I feel impelled to challenge his categorical assertion that the great majority of Englishmen lived in villages, that men lived in communities with all that this implies. Of a numerical majority this is unquestionably true; but large numbers of English people lived in solitary farmsteads in the Highland zone and lived an entirely different kind of life. It is much more laborious to dig out the facts about the dispersed farmsteads of the west than it is to get a picture of a nucleated village in the Midlands, but it can be done. It was not merely a matter of greater distance from a village. I believe it was almost if not entirely a different culture.

I could wish that when Mr. Lennard took Oxfordshire as his sample county for microscopic analysis he had devoted a second chapter to some county in the south-west or along the Welsh Border as a study of settlement and ways of life in the Highland zone. One still feels that historians do not take the Highland zone seriously enough, as seriously that is as the pre-historians do, since Sir Cyril Fox wrote his classic monograph on 'The Personality of Britain'. With an airy wave of the hand they dismiss 'the Celtic west' as a trifling aberration in the English scene. It would be an instructive correction of an ancient and well-rooted bias if some crusted Celt, sitting in the valley of the Wye or the Exe, wrote his version of English agrarian history, looking at Teutonic England perhaps as a rather regrettable aberration from the other half of Britain. Is this enormous Teutonic bias, if one may so term it without disrespect, the result of the fact that nearly all our

universities are situated in the Lowland zone? Mr. Lennard has given us a splendid book on the Lowland zone, with some excursions, it is true, into parts beyond the fringe, but there is still much work awaiting someone in those inexhaustible pages of Domesday Book.

W. G. HOSKINS

Death Cannot Kill. By Horace Leaf.

Max Parrish. 16s.

This is a book which cannot fail to produce a strong effect on its readers: of hilarity to the cynics, and of gratitude to the devout. It is not for a reviewer to put a case for or against spiritual phenomena. It can only be said that the author (the blurb is headed 'A lifetime among the Spirits') is obviously an intelligent and respected man in a world which he is the first to admit is the stamping ground of quacks, impostors, and straight crooks. He can rightly invoke Sir Conan Doyle, Eddison, and other distinguished people, as converts to the belief in manifestations of an after-life, revealed to mediums, and through them to interested parties. 'America', he points out, 'has long shown a keen interest in parapsychology, and well before Britain thought of introducing the subject over the air the United States had done so. I have broadcast on the subject in places as far apart as Rutland, Vermont, and Salt Lake City, Utah. Even Johns Hopkins University extended an invitation, and, after lecturing there, I dined with members of the faculty in Baltimore, some of whom were acquainted with the present Duchess of Windsor . . .'. Much of the book is written in these terms, although other chapters deal with 'Psychometry at the Sacred Well' and so on.

Here, clearly, is a responsible and devoted man, if indifferent writer, who has studied deeply the question of telepathy and other psychic phenomena which still remain without precise definition. He has done so in many parts of the world. Those who believe in a spirit world, and like to converse with their ancestors, will regard the story as comforting, although even they may not find the spirit photography immensely convincing. The evidence is obviously authentically observed: its interpretation is necessarily subjective.

C. J. PENNETHORNE HUGHES

The Caravan Moves On. By Irfan Orga. Secker and Warburg. 21s.

Possessed by the splendour of time past and the melancholy of time passing, Captain Irfan Orga has not enough interest in progress even to be hostile to it. Himself a Turk, he can feel and say, returning after seven years of cosmopolitan comforts in the West, what a stranger would not: that the Turk 'has lost his pride' and 'slobbers over the foreigner who praises his efforts'. In the succession of storied civilizations that have left their ruins around Turkey's Mediterranean shores, that of the pre-Ottoman Selcuks (respected by Atatürk) has his particular attachment; and 'when the Selcuks graced Konya with their exquisite mosques they didn't run from one end of the country to the other telling the people what modern fellows they were'. Perhaps Captain Orga was wise to carry a revolver on his journey, as though he had been pioneering with the first Karl Baedeker. After

so brief an exile he was to feel himself on several occasions a stranger in the changing towns and even in his own family.

That, indeed, is the special quality of this unusual travel book—that the traveller had the instincts and experience (and of course the language) of a Turk, but simultaneously the detachment of a foreigner and at times his admitted sentimentality. The result has nothing for the reader of headlines, but much that makes land and people vividly and attractively real: pungent evocations of nature and of mood, crowds and heat, the squalor and unreflective cruelty of rural life, the unbroken threads of ancient courtesy and ancient sensuality. There is also a memorable portrait of the author's host, Hikmat Bey, a prosperous farmer who accompanied him in a daunting penetration of the mountain-world of the Yuruk nomads, untouched, unchanged, almost unknown, 'one of the few remaining peoples of the world whose own ancestors could recognize them as palpably their own descendants'. The small party spent three weeks among the Yuruks, enough to furnish chapters on their way of life, their marriage customs, their stories and their magic. 'They were as indifferent to our going as they had been to our arrival. . . . Our struggle to understand them, to make something grand and catastrophic out of them, linking them to Primitive Man, left them amused, bewildered, perhaps a little disdainful.'

FRANCIS WATSON

Memoirs of a Princess. The Reminiscences of Princess Marie von Thurn und Taxis. Translated and compiled by Nora Wydenbruck. Hogarth Press. 21s.

The nineteenth century may have been an age of political eruption and industrial revolution, but to most of us it remains an age of transcendent prosperity and romance. This is not only the view of those who see it through the rosy spectacles of imagination; it is also the opinion of those who were born within the golden age. Princess Marie von Thurn und Taxis was born in 1855, and died as late as 1934; she recalls her childhood as a time of constant enchantment.

And this, perhaps, is small wonder, since she spent her early years in Venice, which is a world of wonder indeed: 'I recall the surface of murky waters with the distorted reflections of the stakes, the surly beaks of gondolas gliding past without a sound, laden with glowing oranges, a silver-blue sky seen through the tall, open windows. . . . And as in a mirror I can see my mother, tall and beautiful like the fairy-queen; she has long, fair ringlets, a high lace ruff; her dress is of rustling, many-pleated silk'. And the other scene of the Princess's radiant childhood is the castle of Duino, looking over the Adriatic: the Roman watch-tower rises into the turquoise sky, and everywhere in the rambling castle there are secret staircases, ghosts, and dark closets concealed in the thick walls. Muscatel grapes are ripening on the terrace, the moonlight shines on the sea, and countless nightingales sing out their hearts in the vineyard below.

It is, I think, in such visual recollection that Princess Marie best recaptures the luminous atmosphere of her Italian youth. She has a gift, too, for swift impressions of her family and friends: Uncle Gustav, the cardinal, with his

billowing crimson train; Princess Carolyne, the ugly, garrulous, witty patron of Liszt; and Liszt himself, with his mane of silver hair, wrecking a little Pleyel piano with his furious improvisations. One is grateful to hear just how it felt to play a duet with Liszt, or how it felt to look into Bismarck's awe-inspiring eyes. One is touched to see Eleonora Duse, stricken by the infamies and the desertion of D'Annunzio; and admirers of Rilke should welcome the portrait of 'Serafico': the poet who owed so much to the Princess's sympathy and intelligence. Here he is, reading her his elegies, and 'while he was reading, reading as only he can read, I could feel my heart beating louder and louder, and the tears running down my cheeks. . . . The Elegies of Duino—my property! . . . He told me that it came over him like a fever; he could neither sleep nor eat, only write and write; his pen could hardly follow. At times he needed a breath of fresh air, but hardly had he stepped outside the house when he was forced to take out his notebook and continue to write. . . .'

The *Memoirs of a Princess* have been carefully translated and compiled. One must admit that they are still somewhat scrappy and uneven. But if they are not of consistent value, they have some vivid moments, and offer us pleasant and illuminating reading.

JOANNA RICHARDSON

Journey to the Ends of Time. Vol. I. Lost in the Dark Wood. By Sacheverell Sitwell. Cassell. 35s.

This is the first volume of an extensive work. Mr. Sitwell announces it as his major enterprise up to now, and with his poems, what he hopes to be remembered by. Coming as it does from a devoted practitioner of his craft, this demands to be taken seriously. All the same it is puzzling. The subject is death, or the transition that takes place at death. If death is only death there is no transition, only dissolution; and since the book deals entirely with events or visions beyond the grave its theme is apparently life after death. Yet we find on the first page 'I do not believe in an after-life; and most decidedly I have no belief in the pains and punishments of hell'.

The big question in this kind of work is whether what is presented is meant to have a substantive or only an imaginary existence. The 'Soul in Judgment' section of Yeats's *A Vision* records what he believed actually to be the case, guaranteed by his spiritual communicators. It would not appear that *Journey to the Ends of Time* is intended to have this sort of status. What, then, does it represent? Apparently a fantasia; what the soul after death might experience if it were capable of experiencing anything. Yet the whole foundation of the book seems to be unsettled; for in spite of the denial at the beginning, the sections called 'Doubts and Aphorisms on Life and Death' deal mainly with 'the question whether the soul survives'. Many people are incapable of asking this question seriously, either from a fixed preconception one way or the other or from a conviction that the answer is not in principle discoverable; but if we are capable of asking it seriously it becomes the most serious question possible—perhaps the only one that matters. The doubt that haunts the reader of these pages is whether the question is being asked seriously at all.

In Mr. Sitwell's fantasia, if that is what it is, the only interest of the souls is their life on

earth. The substance of his book corresponds to Yeats's 'Return', or 'Dreaming Back'; a re-living of earthly experiences, either compulsively or in an attempt to understand them. The attempt to understand is not very evident here. The structure of the book is that of reverie or undirected dreaming, and it owes a good deal to the dream-literature of our day. In this world thought appears as substance, and the events and persons are only there because they are being thought about.

We can get an idea of what Mr. Sitwell is likely to think and dream about from the imposing list of his previous works on the fly-leaf of this volume. Here is a small selection: *Southern Baroque Art; Beckford and Beckfordism; The Romantic Ballet; Fantasy on German Toy Pigeons; Old Garden Roses; Primitive Scenes and Festivals; Theatrical Figures in Porcelain; Spain; Portugal and Madeira; Denmark; Malta*. Travel, works of art of all periods, countries and kinds, from the greatest to the merest toys; these have been the objects of Mr. Sitwell's devotion. He tells us that he has informed himself of all works of art in the known world. The cruel result is that very little in this book reminds one of life; it is always art. The hellish or purgatorial scenes come from Hieronymus Bosch, the paradisaical ones from Fragonard or Guardi or Mediterranean festivals or *scènes de ballet*. And the horrors never seem real, nor the joys more than pictured joys. There are other recurrent motifs, it is true; a preoccupation with human and animal grotesques, dwarfs and cripples; the sufferings of the poor, especially children, during the industrial revolution; glimpses of childhood and early family life; snapshots of the American scene. It is an immense phantasmagoria, full of vivid, often beautifully recorded detail. 'Regata Veneziana' and 'Janelas Verdes' are both brilliant dream-essays, existing in their own right.

One begins to suspect that phantasmagoria is all that the book really is—a set of capriccios on recollected fragments of aesthetic experience. The metaphysical pretensions are not really part of the substance of the work. The speculative passages are, I am afraid, merely callow. The chapters called 'Examination of Conscience' and 'Inquisition of Souls' have no reality corresponding to their titles; consciences are not examined and souls are not inquired into. And the more mundane episodes are equally tenuous. From time to time beautiful girls make their appearance, with a good deal of decorative panache; but there is never the slightest quickening of emotion or sexual feeling. Often the dream-like scene-shifting is too rapid for any part of it to make its full impact. It is not even like looking at a pageant from behind a plate-glass window (Mr. Sitwell might say that that is just what we are supposed to be doing); it is more like looking through a kaleidoscope—an enchanting entertainment, but not the ideal structural model for a work of over 450 pages.

In fact it is hard to feel that the book rises to its subject, in spite of the various learning and the frequent brilliance of the writing. An examination of life and death requires other qualities and another approach. But it is important not to be unfair to what is, after all, only the first volume of a book with large aspirations, by a dedicated writer with an extraordinary range of artistic experience behind him. So perhaps further judgment should be suspended.

GRAHAM HOUGH

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

DOCUMENTARY

Accidents Will Happen

ONE PLEASURE of television (at least to the unregenerate, *inter quos laetor me numerare*) is that something may go wrong. It is part of the immediacy which it shares with theatre but not with film. It is not for me to wish accidents upon unfortunate actors and producers: but, the worst once having happened, it is at least interesting to see how those concerned react and retrieve.

'How Good a Driver are You?' (July 28)—a thoroughly well-intentioned programme aimed at reducing the toll on the roads—was subject to a disaster of an unusual kind. In order to demonstrate that even a little alcohol impairs driving standards John Vernon performed a small experiment. Three drivers who had not eaten for several hours were put through a short course of tricky steering and reversing, and were timed over it. They were then given two large whiskies each and, after a decent interval, put through the course again. A slowing-down of reactions was promised. I would not wish to be wise after the event: but I was wise before it. A débâcle was what one expected, and a débâcle was what we got: every driver sped round the course the second time with improved accuracy and timing.

Mr. James Robertson Justice, compèring, was clearly in a hideous dilemma. Up to this point every possible commendation for honesty should be awarded: the temptation to rig such an experiment must have been remarkably strong, and it was not yielded to. (If it was honest not to rig it, however, it was extremely rash not to try it out beforehand.) But now? To accept the experiment meant in effect to advise drivers to drink two large whiskies before embarking. It is quite possibly true that the average British driver is normally two whiskies under par, but it is not a very palatable truth and certainly not suitable for mass consumption. In point of fact, everyone fell back on the 'fudge'. Hastily we were assured that the conditions of the experiment



From *Women on the March*, a Canadian film, on July 29: suffragette 'sandwich' women



Private Mizushima in the Japanese film *Harp of Burma* on July 26

were faulty, that the result was meaningless. It was all particularly like a Minister at question time trying to stand up to accurate opposition bowling. Should we have been told all this had the result of the experiment been otherwise? Not on your little life. We should have been treated to a smug homily. After all, 'experiment' has no meaning outside scientific method—in which, as every school-boy knows, we form a hypothesis and then frame experiments by which to test it. If one is so attached to the hypothesis that one wantonly rejects the outcome of one's experiments, then clearly one is in love with piety rather than with reason.

As a matter of fact, one lost intellectual confidence in this programme very early, when Mr. Justice (pretty heavy pastry as a commentator, incidentally) announced pontifically that 'all road-accidents are due to ignorance, selfishness [including drunkenness] or absent-mindedness'. Piety rather than reason, again. Those who have studied the subject dispassionately know that there is a small hard core of accidents which are, under heaven, 'nobody's fault'—due, for example, to humanly unpredictable mechanical breakdown. I criticize this programme strongly, because it seemed to me a quite inadequate treatment of a most urgent and important



A bad right-hand turn: an incident in 'How Good a Driver Are You?' on July 28

John Cura

subject. There is scope for a series here (one short programme on 'overtaking', another on 'parking', and so on), rather than a half-hour's rag-bag.

On Saturdays the B.B.C. is putting on a series of 'March of Time' programmes on the Japanese war, after a somewhat questionable decision to postpone them owing to the presence in this country of Mr. Kishi. Questionable, because either the programmes were fit to show under any circumstances or they were fit to show under none. The truth, in fact, may lie nearer the latter. The film sequences are of the highest documentary importance; but the verbal commentary is so race-hating, so politically crude (e.g., in its attempts to build up the Emperor as a megalomaniac war-demon), that one can hardly hear it without blushing. This is boomerang propaganda. One was reminded of Stravinsky's phrase in *Poetics of Music*, as quoted (if I heard her

correctly) in last week's 'Brains Trust' by Dame Edith Sitwell: 'Fury speaking in a muted voice'. This was fury screaming. I hope that everyone who saw this had the sense to tune in to 'Harp of Burma' (July 26), the noble, beautiful, and intensely feeling Japanese film of the follies and horrors of hate and war.

'Kyle's Clyde' (July 30) was weak and incoherent—screen journeys should have beginnings, middles, and ends. Five minutes' meat was watered down into half an hour's boarding-house hash, largely by the aid of interminable shots of what, now I come to think of it, must certainly have been the B.B.C. Seagull.

HILARY CORKE

DRAMA

'The School for Scandal'

LOOK AT IT however you like, comedy of manners resists television adaptation more stubbornly than any other theatrical style. I am only at my first sentence and the word 'style' has already cropped up. Actors—except those like Athene Seyler to whom it has become second nature—are obsessed by it when they face a Restoration text: and whereas other idioms are at the mercy of the creative director, woe betide the infant Piscator who gives us a *Love for Love* in Ruritanian costume played against back-projection sequences of the Fire of

London. The further one defines this variety of style, the more inseparably attached to the stage it becomes. There is, for instance, that rag-bag of odd pronunciations—'tay', 'obleege', 'sarvent', and the rest—which we inherit from the Nigel Playfair productions of thirty years ago. Even with the protection of perukes and quizzing glasses it is as hard for actors to get away with this kind of thing at close quarters as it is for a soprano to keep up appearances in close-up while hitting a top B-flat. But the essential theatricality of the idiom lies elsewhere. I can perhaps best suggest it by referring to an unrehearsed incident at a performance of *The Way of the World*. The opening tableau presented Millamant lolling with his back to the gaming table; a lighted candle overturned and set fire to one of his huge lace ruffs. He watched it blaze up, and when it was almost burned out he languidly detached his arm from the table and tapped out the sparks on his wrist with two fingers. Such a display of perfect, inhuman poise can exist only in ostentatious contrast to the manners of an audience who are under the same roof: on a television screen it would not make sense.

Hal Burton's production of *The School for Scandal* (July 28) made no attempt whatever to simulate this kind of impression, but on its own terms it was a highly efficient piece of work. Mr. Burton seems to have made the basic decision that as the screen was ill-equipped to carry elaborate stage pictures it should give its main attention to presenting cameos in agile succession. This approach certainly paid off better with Sheridan than it would have done with the Restoration playwrights who were emphatically not *tête-à-tête* men. The losses it involved were those of accumulative comic situation. The joke of piling one complication on top of another—whether in Sheridan, Feydeau, or a Marx brothers film—can barely survive if the audience is prevented from witnessing them simultaneously. Mr. Burton's camera, trundling dutifully round Charles's ancestors and, later, shuttling between closet door, acting area, and tell-tale screen, withheld the total spectacle on which both scenes depend, and the quality of performance was not enough to make up for the visual incompleteness.

The quality, all the same, was superlatively good. Athene Seyler, salivating freely in the person of Mrs. Candour at the merest whiff of impropriety, played with a joyous assurance that infected the spirits of the whole cast. My own favourites were Frances Rowe's seductively imperious Lady Sneerwell, and John Moffat's Joseph, an irreproachably elegant prig with a hunted look in his eye. Joan Plowright's Lady Teazle was bouncingly charming, but Miss Plowright has had such a run of rural parts that, uprooted from Mr. Wesker's Norfolk, she took Lady Teazle's country upbringing as a pretext for repeating her performance in *The Country Wife*.

I would like to know what audience George Scott-Moncrieff was addressing in *Fotheringhay* (July 30)—a study of the last days of Mary, Queen of Scots written in the kind of drably inconspicuous blank verse that is the prosodic equivalent of a bowler hat and an equally English phenomenon. We have had effective television plays about royalty: Hugh Ross William-

son's *The Killing of the King* (I.T.V.) and Clemence Dane's *Till Time Shall End* (B.B.C.) have recently demonstrated the vitality of formal costume drama on the small screen. Perhaps *Fotheringhay* was the Scottish studio's riposte to Miss Dane's eloquent tribute to Elizabeth I. In transmission, however, it scarcely amounted to the impassioned defence; for a large part of the time the Queen was engaged in discussing her past with a series of ghosts who interrupted her midnight vigil with a careless disregard for dramatic construction that would have seemed crude in a schools' history programme. When not instructing the audience, Mary awaited death, immovably dignified, while the pathetic fallacy laboured away with ill winds and rain, and waiting women implored her to 'keep this precious glass of life unspilt'. Diana Churchill magnificently dissociated herself from the part of the Queen.

Stella Martin Currey's *Love and Miss Figgis* (August 1), to put it ungraciously, is a woman's play; undertaken with the best motives and executed with a ruthless disrespect for character, action, and logical consistency. A girl's conflict between the desire to marry within her own class and the impulse to enter a university even at the danger of losing contact with her own people, is a theme well worth treating, and Miss Currey was right to build up the school and family background. But there is a degree beyond which one cannot tolerate the spectacle of characters reshaping themselves to the author's convenience: and Miss Figgis, the man-hating classics mistress who ends by stage-managing the girl's love affair and con-



Scene from *The School for Scandal* on July 28, with (left to right) John Saunders as Sir Benjamin Backbite, Athene Seyler as Mrs. Candour, Geoffrey Bayldon as Crabtree, and Frances Rowe as Lady Sneerwell

vincing her of the need to study Greek in an atomic era, loses dramatic respect in proportion to the quantity of moral virtue the author pumps into her.

Sunday, I admit, was a holiday. But I still fail to see why it is felt appropriate to celebrate such occasions with box-set productions from the Whitehall Theatre of farces as abysmally ill-constructed as Leslie Sands's *Beside the Seaside*. It didn't make my day.

IRVING WARDLE

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

Defeats but Not Defeated

TWO WELCOME PRODUCTIONS of plays by Pirandello serve to remind us of his enormous influence in the contemporary theatre. His influence on the Italian theatre and film naturally passes without comment, but it is clear that his attitude towards the theatre has been noted by other dramatists. The fragmentary style of M. Ionescu, the defeated creatures of Mr. Beckett's imagination, the striving for a portrayal of reality at Stratford East and at the Royal Court all have something to do with him.

Not all his inheritors have, of course, absorbed his real intention, and though they may have been influenced by him they have not necessarily learned his particular lesson. Pirandello frequently chose to portray characters in a state of defeat. That they are in a state of defeat does not mean that they are consequently defeated. Pirandello does not take sides. He simply uses the situation of defeat to explore the reality of man's situation. It is reality that fascinates him. In *Six Characters in Search of an Author* which was produced with stark brilliance by Mr. H. B. Fortuin (July 27, Home) and which was performed by a cast led sternly by Sir Donald Wolfit as the Father, the audience is not asked for



Scene from *Fotheringhay*, on July 30, with (left to right) Robert Harris as Sir Amyas Paulet, Eileen Price as Elspeth Curle, Diana Churchill as Mary, Queen of Scots, and Catherine Lacey as Janet Kennedy

pity or understanding. The six characters may cry out but they do not cry out for compassion. When the actors attempt to act out the drama of their situation they demand accuracy rather than pathos and a ruthless assault on reality.

In a sense Pirandello's attitudes are at one with those of Ibsen when he laments the half-life that most of us live in. His didactic message is less overt than Ibsen's, of course, and one might pass *The Man with the Flower in his Mouth*, produced by Mr. Bryan Izzard (Home, August 1) without realizing that it had one. The Man (Mr. John Richmond) is caught horribly. The audience slowly realizes that he has been condemned to death by cancer. Once again Pirandello does not make his character grovel. He may write about defeat, but not about the defeated.

Mr. Peter Everett is also writing about people faced with defeat. His first work for radio seemed amorphous, but *Day at Izzard's Wharf*, produced by Mr. Terence Tiller (Third, July 31), proclaimed the advent of a potentially talented dramatist. One heard a family in Dockland brooding, reminiscing, and asking all the usual questions about what it's all in aid of. But Mr. Everett restrained his talent for the poetic aside sufficiently to tell a story with action and used this talent to heighten the story. Sarah (Miss Mary Wimbush) is married to Jimmy (Mr. Alan McClelland) who is a waster. Her life is rounded by visits to the shops and visits from the police and razor gangs who want to see Jimmy, and by attending to the needs of her son and her Dad (Mr. Carleton Hobbs) who spends his time in senile complaint and reminiscence.

Jimmy has at last gone too far and Sarah cannot find the reserve any longer to protect him. Her despairing cry when her husband has been slashed and carted off by the police should have been heard by anyone who thinks that evangelism can cure everything. Sarah's trivial round and common task is, Mr. Everett points out, beyond the hope of salvation. For people like her there is no easy way through to the legendary cloud with the silver lining. Let it be thought that this was one more morbid essay, I must place on record the fact that it seemed to me that Mr. Everett thinks that one must go on and on. I'm glad he feels like this, and I hope he will do some more works for radio.

Mr. Harold Pinter's *A Slight Ache*, produced by Mr. Donald McWhinnie (Third, July 29), was a conversation piece between a man (Mr. Maurice Denham) and his wife (Miss Vivien Merchant) who talked variously about the weather, sex, and a seller of matches whom they inveigled into the house. The match seller never spoke, which involved Mr. Pinter in some dramatic expertise, but it was hard to know, in spite of the sharp clarity of the performance and the sure speech formations of Mr. Denham and Miss Merchant, what the play was really all about. Perhaps Pirandello could help us, for he, I feel, had something to do with the beginnings of Mr. Pinter's genre. Perhaps he would observe that no amount of brilliance in dialogue makes up for the dearth of a clear plot.

The West Region turned in one of its customary well-tailored pieces when Mr. Patrick Drumgoole produced Mr. Eden Philpotts's *The Red Dragon* (Home, July 29). This was a fine piece of Dumasian swashbucklery about a faithful messenger getting through with a diamond, but there was the added enjoyment of hearing West Country accents, which seem to be the only English accents which still refuse to sound effeminate.

IAN RODGER

THE SPOKEN WORD

Golden Opinions

I AM OVERCOME by shame at the thought that strict sabbatarians and others who missed the programme may be relying on this column for the secret of 'How to Make a Fortune', as revealed by six tycoons amid the plaudits ('nothing petty there', etc.) of the narrator, Mr. Michael Pearson (July 26, Home). For as the latter reached the fifth of the ten nutshells in which he finally encased the proceedings no pencil was at hand, and when I tried to play Kim's game with nutshells six to ten, I failed ignominiously. Oh dear, what incompetence! One can only hope for a repeat—on the Third, perhaps. Meanwhile, by way of atonement, consolation, and inspiration, here, in the carefully chosen words of one of them, is the refutation of the supposed ruthlessness of millionaires:

I don't think there's any need to be ruthless. One can be—certainly—definitely—shall I say?—ruthless with people who aren't worth while . . . I think one must be kind and decent and nice and—whatever-have-you—to people who merit it.

Whereas only the experts were consulted on fortune-making, 'Matters of Moment' makes a point of buying golden opinions from all sorts of people. On July 30 (Home) the theme was 'The Police and the Public'. Perhaps the assembly of nameless and largely valueless contributions (including, I suspect, at least one leg-pull) which constituted the first 20 per cent. of this programme was an ingenious way of securing representation for one substantial class—the criminal—'concerned with the enforcement of the law'; though such deviousness would seem unnecessary in an age when every second prisoner publishes his memoirs on release. The opinions of the three main speakers were largely predictable.

The other current affairs series, 'At Home and Abroad', continues to make sensible use of a limited number of techniques, mainly the recorded comment, the chaired or unchaired discussion, and the interview. Sometimes one guesses that the people interviewed have, legitimately and indeed appropriately, had a preview of the questionnaire; more often much of the interest lies in the possibility of an unguarded reply. If the V.I.P.s are occasionally incoherent or evasive, this may in itself be revealing, and reflect no error by the producer. The choice of interviewer, however, demands care in balancing the claims of different kinds of expertise: the man chosen as an obvious authority on the subject may lack the necessary resourcefulness in asking supplementary questions, may even be preoccupied with his prepared questionnaire to the extent of chipping in on his victim. Among regular interviewers, Mr. Robert McKenzie is outstanding for his flexibility and courteous but firm refusal to accept an answer to the question he has not asked. These qualities were exemplified on July 28 in his handling of the Czechoslovak Minister of Health, whose embarrassment as a Catholic member of a Communist government emerged none the less clearly for his equally firm if implicit refusal to answer some of the questions which were asked.

In a recent number of 'Comment' Mr. Basil Taylor questioned the need for the ubiquitous interviewer in television journalism. One programme in sound last week which dispensed with question and interjection, and was all the better for doing so, was that on 'The Cambridge West Sahara Expedition'—an expedition which has not yet taken place because of political and such other minor preliminary difficulties as the wrecking of two vessels in home waters. Mr. David Baxter's account, spoken by himself and two other members of the embryonic expedition, showed talent in selection and presentation of

material, while the unpretentious but effective style, notably in the account of the *Daisy's* loss off Yarmouth, was matched by the manner of delivery.

Mutatis mutandis, the last words might be applied to the news bulletins—or might have been until recently. Is it only fuddy-duddies who feel mildly embarrassed at hearing those suave, impersonal voices trying to adapt themselves to a jazzing-up process of which the introduction of tabloid headlines ('It's peace in the printing dispute') is symptomatic?

However, I congratulate (a) the B.B.C. on devoting forty-five minutes of July 29 to Sir Macfarlane Burnet's clonal selection theory of acquired immunity; and (b) Sir Macfarlane and his unnamed interlocutor on holding the attention (and, I believe, reaching the comprehension) of at least one listener whose vocabulary was previously innocent of the word 'clonal'.

Contemptuous references to pigeon-fanciers are fashionable among those who resent the time devoted by Network Three to non-cultural minorities. I hope indeed the pigeon, as now the dog, will have its day. Meanwhile this seems the moment, with the Tuesday chess programme adjourned for six weeks, and Mr. Paul about to resume these articles, to record appreciation of the inventiveness lavished on my own particular brand of crank.

O. G. W. STALLYBRASS

MUSIC

Great Symphonies

IN THE PROMENADE CONCERTS last week there was the opportunity to hear two symphonies by Sibelius, his third and seventh, and two by Vaughan Williams, the first called *A Sea Symphony*, and the third, the *Pastoral*. This was interesting because of the historical position of the two men, each living to a great age, each admiring the other's work (Vaughan Williams palpably influenced by Sibelius, though this was inevitably a one-way traffic), each attaining world-wide fame (with certain noticeable gaps) and each enriching the art of symphony with works of astonishing vitality. In a world given over to much rash experimentation they held symphonic music in a firm grasp, permitting it to grow and develop vigorously while holding it closely enmeshed in logical thought and form.

The gaps in their fame are worth noting. France was, to put it mildly, cool to the point of ignoring the existence of their music. Germany tried them out in a half-hearted fashion and never took to Vaughan Williams, though giving intermittent attention to Sibelius. It is one of our pleasantest sources of congratulation that we in this country formed the first enthusiastic foreign audience for Sibelius (a fact he never forgot), to be followed much later by the United States and then by Russia. In those two countries, also, Vaughan Williams has his audiences, immensely enthusiastic in America, beginning to come to life now also in Russia. They are certainly the proper material for Promenade Concerts and if the performances this season live up to the expectations aroused by those last week we shall have no cause to complain.

Of the Vaughan Williams works *A Sea Symphony* (July 28, Third) fared the less well. The playing under Sir Malcolm Sargent had vitality and an eager impulse that carried the scherzo, for instance, through with considerable brilliance. The singing was not so satisfactory and the reason, I believe, is that choral singers today (in this case the B.B.C. Chorus and Choral Society plus the Royal Choral Society) are out of sympathy with Walt Whitman's vague, all-embracing philosophy. We can stomach

Schiller's *Ode to Joy*, but feel coy and embarrassed at Whitman's images, his 'rude brief recitative, and that dear 'old husky nurse'. The music has a grand expansiveness and that came through last week. But the singers, manifestly earnest and heedful, failed at times to grip the big tune firmly.

The *Pastoral* was given a very satisfying performance under Mr. Basil Cameron (July 30, Home). He is a conductor of whom it cannot be said (though it may well have been suggested) that he is more closely implicated with one type of music, be it classic or romantic, than another; by which is meant that he can bring off a performance of a certain type of music better than that of another. He is that rather unfashionable kind of man who is not a

specialist. I had not thought of him in connexion with this particular symphony, a rare work, one requiring a rare type of mind to interpret it. What he did, and it is something for which to be grateful, was to give a good, honest rendering of the symphony.

Sibelius's Third Symphony has a gruff geniality and a general sense of resolute, clear-sighted development that appeals to a conductor with the quick grasp of essentials that Sir Malcolm Sargent possesses. The performance by the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra on July 29 (Home) had an infectious energy that informed each of the three movements and built up to a splendid climax. The work was displayed as a fresco with its brighter tones predominant, which is one reputable way to treat it; the other being the

sculptural that shows the symphony as a rounded work of art.

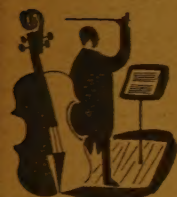
Sibelius's Seventh demands to be treated as a completely rounded image. Nothing avails a conductor who simply takes these notes at their face value. It is not so recondite a work as early enthusiasts, eager to make a corner in Sibelius, told us it was; for the listener, that is. But there are pressing problems of perspective and the balance of parts for the conductor. I was rather sceptically interested in Sir Malcolm's potentialities here, but he succeeded and the result was a performance that left one moved and refreshed. That, with fine playing in the violin concerto by Mr. Campoli between the symphonies, made a notable Sibelius evening.

SCOTT GODDARD

Cinderella Without the Fairy

By DYNELEY HUSSEY

Rossini's *La Cenerentola* will be broadcast on August 9 (Acts I and II at 5.0 p.m., Act III at 8.5 p.m.), Third Programme



AT THE END of 1816 Rossini, aged twenty-four, was at the height of his powers and of his success in Italy, having successfully launched his *Otello* (with the Spanish mezzo-soprano, Isabella Colbran, as Desdemona) at Naples. Rossini went to Rome to discuss a new project.

On Christmas eve he visited Jacopo Ferretti, the theatre-poet, and after turning over many ideas, settled on a fairy-tale, Perrault's *Cendrillon*, or, rather, a French operatic version of it made by C. G. Etienne, with music by Isouard, which had been produced in Paris in 1810. According to Ferretti's own account, the poet promised to produce the libretto by the next morning. Whereupon Rossini went to sleep. The opera was ready for performance on January 25, exactly a month later.

Ferretti's *Cinderella* differs from Perrault's in one important respect. There is no fairy godmother and consequently no transformation scene with the mice and pumpkin turning into a coach-and-six. Perhaps it was a Latin preference for rationalism that ruled out the fantasy of the magic wand. Rossini himself certainly had no taste for the supernatural. He may have feared it, as he seems to have feared the overt expression of any deep emotion. He was as timid as he was sensitive.

So in place of the fairy-godmother we have the prosaic device of the tutor to Prince Charming, who is sent, in disguise as a beggar, to spy out the land and then, *in propria persona*, to bring Cinderella to the ball. In fact Ferretti applies to the fairy-tale the well-tried formula of Italian comedy, as developed by Goldoni from the improvisations of the *Commedia dell'arte*. Don Magnifico, the father of Angelina (as this *Cinderella* is named) is another reincarnation of the foolish old Pantalone, who exists simply to be bamboozled by the young lovers (the Prince and Angelina). The Prince's valet, likewise, is the resourceful, impudent servant who in the old comedies went under the name of Harlequin.

Yet while he used these conventional types Ferretti did, in Don Magnifico at least, provide Rossini with an individualized character who could be raised by his music to the plane of the great comic creations, Don Magnifico, Barone di Monte Fiascone, is indeed a figure of almost Falstaffian magnitude. The comparison needs qualification, for one can hardly like the Baron or feel sorry for him in his downfall after the scene in which, without any mitigating circumstance, he brutally rejects Angelina and even pretends that 'there ain't no sich person'.

Otherwise what a glorious figure of fun Don

Magnifico is! And how apt is his baronial title to the man whose first action on being appointed cellarer to the Prince is to issue an edict forbidding the adulteration of wine with water! The point would be more readily taken by an Italian audience. They would know that there was near Orvieto an actual Montefiascone, where grows that best wine of the district, which Bishop Johann Fugger's servant, sent to spy out the best inns and the best wines, marked 'Est, est, est'. And is not the tomb of the bishop, who succumbed to a surfeit of it, there in the church to substantiate the name of the wine? 'Est, est, est propter nimium est', his epitaph begins.

It is curious that Stendhal, the acute anatomist of the human heart, should have so much admired Rossini, who mostly pretended that, for all the references to it in his texts, that organ did not exist, or existed only as a clockwork mechanism to keep his puppets in motion. But Angelina is allowed a heart. She has pathos, a characteristic that we should never associate with such expert managers of men as Isabella of the Turkish adventure or Rosina, who is as resourceful as the Barber himself. Angelina's little song, the theme-song of the opera in the real sense that it does present the opera's theme, may not be among his more dazzling melodies. But its very simplicity makes its pathos more genuine and by so much the more moving.

In the matter of Angelina's step-sisters Ferretti again departs from tradition, at least from pantomime tradition. Clorinda and Tisbe—he had a nice feeling for apt nomenclature—are not 'ugly'. They are simply spiteful and jealous, very real types drawn from life. And how well Rossini hits them off at the very rise of the curtain! Their cross-grained chatter is skilfully devised to set off, by contrast, Cinderella's little song. The two sisters are not differentiated as characters; musically they are one person, singing the same phrases one after the other or together in thirds.

If Rossini's music often conforms to stereotyped patterns—and how in the time at his disposal could it do anything else?—he fills the familiar forms with a rich measure of fresh invention. The first finale goes through all the customary motions of accumulating excitement and dynamics. But how admirably the pattern fits the dramatic situation from the *sotto voce* exchanges of Prince and valet, in which Dandini reports on the present state of the intrigue, on to the *arcistrepitoso* (as da Ponte called it) of the act's ending! Don Magnifico's cavatina, again, follows the conventions of the buffo-bass aria

yet contrives to present the angry old man as an individual person. Perhaps it is his opening phrase, in which he pompously addresses his daughters as 'miei rampolli femminini' ('my female scions'), that does the trick.

Yet despite its wealth of good music *La Cenerentola* proved to be well named. After a successful career of half a century or so (allowing for the hostile demonstrations which seem to have been inevitable at a Rossini première in Rome) the opera fell into neglect. It may be that the part of Cinderella did not appeal to the *prima donnas* of fifty or sixty years ago, who were in any case sopranos. The music written for that same Mme. Giorgi-Righetti, who was the first Rosina, could not be conveniently transposed upwards (as was Rosina's). It therefore remained for many years unsung, until Conchita Supervia—at the instigation of Vittorio Gui—showed us what delights we had missed.

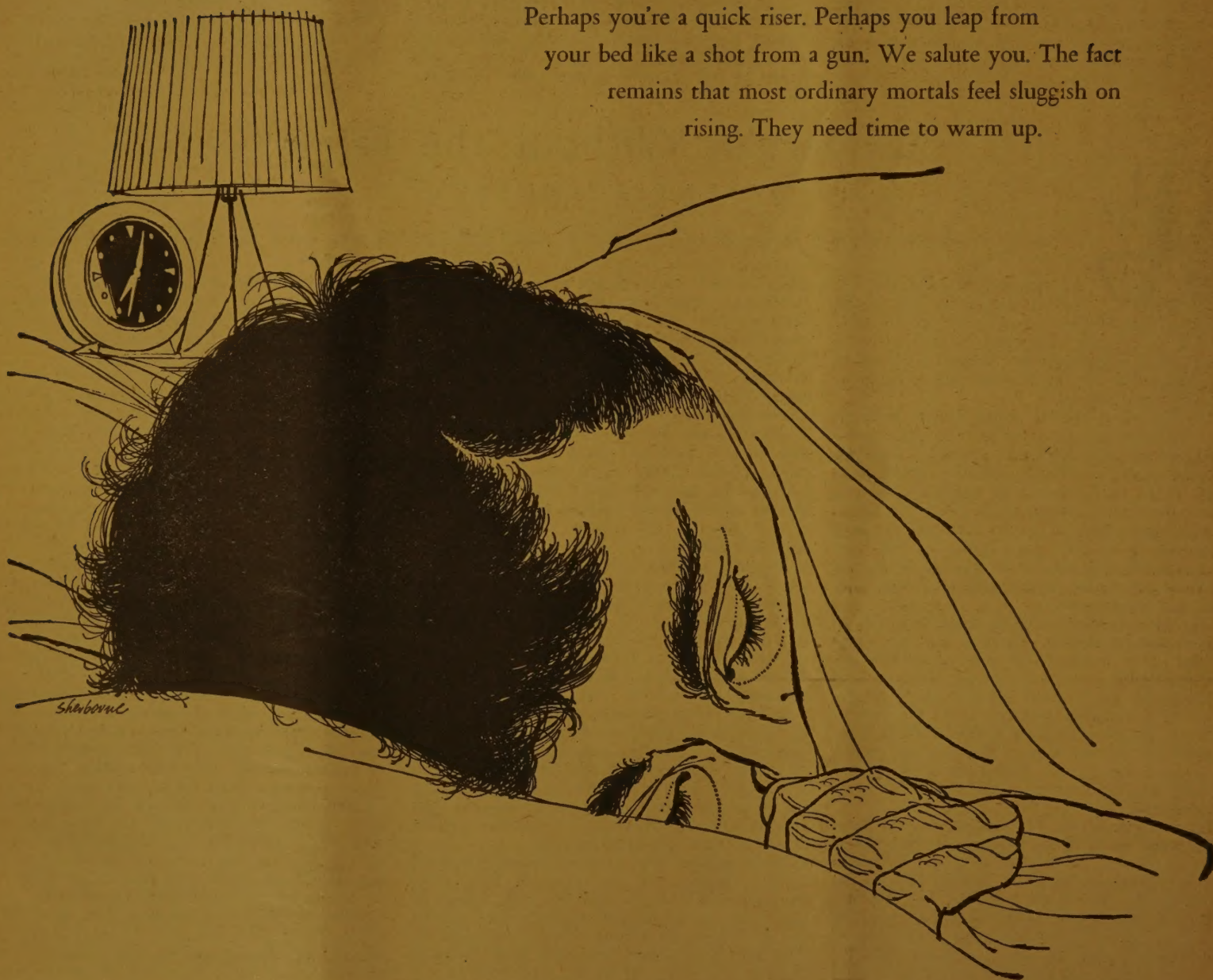
It is, I think, wrong to attribute the neglect of this and other of Rossini's operas—*L'Italiana in Algeri* for instance—to a lack of singers able to sing them. Musical fashion fifty years ago dictated that Rossini's music, like Donizetti's, was poor, thin stuff. *The Barber* was tolerated as a good comedy with bright tunes, but even that disappeared from the grander opera houses. Latterly fashion has reversed its verdict and early nineteenth-century operas have become 'the thing'. Supervia was the harbinger of a revival that was not to mature, partly owing to her early death, until after the war of 1939-45.

Nowadays not only have *Cenerentola* and Isabella reappeared on the stage but, more surprising still, *Lucia* is back at Covent Garden, a resounding popular success, and *Anna Bolena*, revived at La Scala, may well be on the way. And, as one might have suspected all along, where there is the demand for a certain style of singing, the supply is found to exist. It has turned out unnecessary to wait a generation or two for another Supervia to appear. Such singers as Mmes. Simionato, Dominguez, and Berganza have added their own lustre to the mezzo soprano roles composed for Maria Giorgi-Righetti.

And we, who have witnessed the revival, are fortunate in having rediscovered the truth of what the Abbé Carpani told the German critics of Rossini in 1818: 'When you ask me what solidity it is possible to find in this "air-bladder" [Rossini's music] . . . I answer you with all the voice I have in my body: "Gentlemen from Berlin, there is melody, and always melody and lovely melody and new melody and magic melody and rare melody"'.¹

This business of getting up

Perhaps you're a quick riser. Perhaps you leap from your bed like a shot from a gun. We salute you. The fact remains that most ordinary mortals feel sluggish on rising. They need time to warm up.



Take heart. Mankind is not alone in its reluctance to get moving fast. Motor oil shows the same characteristic. In a cold engine, lubricating oil tends normally to be stiff and slow-moving. That's why the first few minutes after starting are so critical for engine wear... that's why you don't enjoy full performance at once... that's largely why stop-start motoring is so hard on your engine.

But Shell has changed all this. Shell has produced a motor oil called Shell X-100 Multigrade which disdains temperature changes. It gets up and about your engine in a flash,

providing instant protection even in bitter cold. What's more, it protects just as completely at high running temperatures.

You can imagine what this new kind of oil means to a motorist. More power; lower fuel consumption; easier starting; longer engine life. And more besides. It's a first-class example of how the vast sums Shell spends on research pay dividends to the everyday motorist. Shell Research is working even now on the better products you'll need tomorrow.

You can be sure of



A Dinner for August

By MARGARET RYAN



A two-course dinner for four people, costing approximately £1, using ingredients now in the shops.

ROAST LOIN of lamb, roast potatoes, *courgette au beurre*, spiced apricots, *crème brûlée*. If you order fresh cream for the *crème brûlée* in advance from a milkman it can be bought for 6s. 6d. a pint.

Shopping List

| | | s. | d. |
|---|------|----|------|
| Butcher: | | | |
| 3 lb. of loin of Canterbury lamb | | 7 | 6 |
| Greengrocer: | | | |
| 1 small vegetable marrow (or 1½ lb. of courgettes) | | 1 | 6 |
| ½ a lemon | | 1 | ½ |
| a little parsley | | 1 | |
| 1 lb. of fresh apricots | | 1 | 6 |
| 1½ lb. of potatoes | | 7 | ½ |
| Dairy: | | | |
| 1 pint of double cream | | 6 | 6 |
| 4 eggs | | 1 | 2 |
| 1 oz. of butter | | 2 | ½ |
| Grocer: | | | |
| 10 oz. of caster sugar | | 7 | |
| vinegar, cinnamon, cloves | | 3 | |
| vanilla essence | | 1 | |
| | | £1 | 0 1½ |

Have the joint of loin of lamb chined at the butcher's, and roast 20 minutes to the pound and 20 minutes over. Roast the potatoes with the joint after par-boiling them for 5 minutes.

For the *courgette au beurre* take 1 small vegetable marrow, 1 oz. of butter, the juice of ½ a lemon, and parsley. Peel very finely; cut the marrow into fingers 3 inches long; sprinkle with salt, and leave on a plate 10 to 15 minutes, then drain off the water which will have come from them. Melt 1 oz. of butter in a sauté pan. Add

the fingers of marrow and the lemon juice. Cook very gently with the lid on until tender. Dust with finely chopped parsley and season well with black pepper before serving.

For the spiced apricots take 1 lb. of fresh apricots, 4 oz. of sugar, 1 gill of vinegar, ½ gill of water, 2 or 3 cloves, 1 piece of cinnamon stock (or 1 teaspoon of cinnamon), 2 strips of lemon peel. Make a syrup with the sugar, vinegar, and water. Boil 2 or 3 minutes with the spices and lemon peel. Poach the apricots in this until tender. Make sure they do not break. Drain; reduce the syrup until thick, pour over the apricots, and let them get quite cold. These are served as a relish with the meat.

To make the *crème brûlée* take 1 pint of double cream, 6 oz. of caster sugar, 4 egg yolks, and vanilla essence. Put the cream in a double boiler with a few drops of vanilla essence, and bring up almost to boiling point over boiling water. Cream together in a basin the 4 egg yolks with 2 oz. of the sugar. Add the mixture to the cream in the boiler and cook carefully without letting it boil, stirring until it really thickens, masking the back of the spoon. Strain it into a shallow, fireproof dish and put to cool, preferably in a refrigerator, for 12 hours.

Now strew the top carefully and evenly with sieved caster sugar to a depth of ¼ inch all over. You must carry the sugar right up to the edges of the dish—not the smallest bit of custard should show. Smooth the edges gently with the back of a spoon. Now make the grill very hot and put the dish below it. Bend down and keep your eyes fastened on it. The surface of the sugar will begin to liquefy and run together, and then it will start to caramelize, turning pale yellow at first and then showing dark brown in patches here and there. As soon as this happens,

remove it at once. Chill for 2 hours before serving. The first person taking a helping will have to give the surface a smart tap with the back of a spoon to crack the caramel.

Notes on Contributors

COLIN LEGUM (page 199): Commonwealth correspondent of *The Observer*; author of *Must We Lose Africa?* and *Bandung, Cairo and Accra*

ROBERT MATTHEW, C.B.E. (page 203): Professor of Architecture, Edinburgh University; architect to the London County Council, 1946-53

WILLIAM WALSH (page 205): Professor of Education, Leeds University; Senior English Master, Raynes Park County Grammar School, 1945-51; author of *Use of Imagination*

JOHN WAIN (page 208): Lecturer in English Literature, Reading University, 1947-55; author of *Hurry On Down*, *A Word Carved on a Sill*, *Preliminary Essays*, etc.

SIR CONRAD CORFIELD, K.C.I.E., C.S.I. (page 212): served in the Indian Civil Service, 1920-47; Vice-President, Rewa State Council, 1933-34; Resident at Jaipur, 1938-40; Resident for the Punjab States, 1941-45

IAN WATT (page 216): Professor in the Department of English, University of California; author of *Rise of the Novel*, *Studies in Defoe*, *Richardson*, and *Fielding*

DYNELEY HUSSEY (page 225): music critic of *The Listener*, 1946-59; author of *Verdi*, *Eurydice or the Nature of Opera*, *Some Composers of Opera*, etc.

Crossword No. 1,523.

By Babs

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: first post on Thursday, August 13. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crosswords the Editor's decision is final



Each answer has two adjacent letters transposed: e.g., THIS would appear as HTIS or TIHS or THSI.

CLUES—ACROSS

- He is tasty, certainly—but a fig for his taste! (9)
- Pay court to a sibilant seamstress, in short (3)
- A.R.P. in the moon leads to the same thing the other way round (12)
- Rimsky-Korsakov must have heard of Shakespeare's cave (5)
- A pair of cheeky charmers (7)
- One short drink knocked back one Tuesday in Marseilles (5)
- Not so fast, please! (6)
- A wild cat type, tracing back to Leconte de Lisle (6)
- Paper slightly damaged (6)
- This rider was certainly a thruster (6)
- The trill finishes in several directions (6)
- This will make your hair curl (9)
- 'He touched the tender stops of various quills' (6)
- It sounds as if there are directors on the train (6)
- Tears lingos in pieces, this new lingo (11)
- Egyptian townsman (with six feet?) (11)
- Goodbye to those castles in Spain (5)
- It's scorzonera when it's black (7)
- Subject to piercing winds, this be thy guard (8)
- Came all over queer in a crisis (4)

DOWN

- The tribune sounds a call to motherhood (4)
- What is needed is guts (6)

- Preserve, preserve the Gallic dance (6)
- It is more valuable, the saying goes, than a speculative pastime (6)
- One of forty (8)
- Upper Jurassic? That's a lie, too (6)
- He wrote a poem on a sofa (6)
- This helps you draw the line, straight it does, guv. (5)
- Frolic river (5)
- There are two men at least in these (3)
- Obviously non-U colours (8)
- You can sell them up, says the writ (10)
- Alias Spud Money (9)
- A games period, but it kept 24D. busy (8)
- Intellectual activity is following one's nose, in a way (6)
- He wrote occasional poems (6)
- 'The scourge of God' (6)
- Here is more about the late display of nerves (6)
- The body could do with a couple more pounds, clearly (6)
- Inlaid work, showing art is a curious mixture (6)
- The painter has gone into the restaurant for a bottle (6)
- No expression of surprise or pity could reveal the patriarch (4)
- For instance, with nothing on, I think (3)

Solution of No. 1,521

POLARISCOPE
ALIVENHAVEN
PINESTAGENT
EVERTEMERGE
RENTSRESTER
HEROWORSHIP
ARSISCAPACER
NIECEUIRAQI
GAMINLNLILUS
ETENSAADYIE
RANGERSHIPS

1st prize: H. J. Godwin (Swansea); 2nd prize: E. Handscomb (London, S.W.16); 3rd prize: F. Hudd (Hastings)

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

Study at Home for a DEGREE

No matter what your position or prospects a University Degree is a good thing to have. You can obtain a London University Degree without attending the University: it is necessary only to pass three examinations (in some cases two). You can read for these in your leisure hours with the experienced help of Wolsey Hall (founded 1894). Conducted by a staff of over 100 Graduate Tutors, Wolsey Hall Postal Courses have enabled thousands of men and women to graduate and thereby raise their status and their salaries. **PROSPECTUS** (mention exam.) from E. W. Shaw Fletcher, C.B.E., LL.B., Director of Studies, Dept. FE85.

WOLSEY HALL, OXFORD

Be a Master of English

Picture what it would mean to you to have a mastery of English—to be able to express yourself fluently and attractively, interest others in your ideas, widen your interests, and avoid embarrassing mistakes in speech and writing.

Good English gives you confidence, increases your professional and social standing. It ensures that you make the right impression.

Improve your English in the spare minutes of the day—the fascinating R.I. way. "The best investment I ever made," many students say. The moderate fee brings this unique Course within the reach of all.

Write today to The Regent Institute (Dept. Z/391M), Palace Gate, London, W.8, for interesting free prospectus, "Word Mastery." There is no obligation.

Council of Europe
Tenth Anniversary

THE ROMANTIC MOVEMENT

TATE GALLERY and
ARTS COUNCIL GALLERY
4, St. James's Square, S.W.1

July 10—September 27

Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6
Tues. & Thurs. 10-8 Sun. 2-6

Admission
2s. 6d. (Tate Gallery)
1s. (Arts Council Gallery)

An exhibition arranged for the Council of Europe by the Arts Council of Great Britain

LIVE-with a paint-brush!

Oils and watercolours—I.C.S. will train you in both! Personal instruction in your own time... practical, experienced instruction that saves years of wasted effort. I.C.S. 'Pleasure from Painting' Course is not expensive. Will repay you amply! FREE Winsor and Newton set when you start!

Apply for details to:

**INTERNATIONAL
CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS**

71 Kingsway, (Dept. DP4) London, W.C.2.

'SO AT LAST I COME TO THE LSJ'

If you have talent you may succeed on your own, by trial and error. On the other hand you may give up in despair. You may think that writing either comes naturally, or not at all, forgetting that painters, musicians and all other craftsmen had to learn their art from those who knew more than they.

If you are disappointed with your own results why not get in touch with the London School of Journalism? It was founded under the patronage of that great journalist Lord Northcliffe. Many famous newspaper proprietors and editors have been its Patrons. And it has helped thousands to success. Why not find out if the LSJ can help you also? It costs nothing to write for the book 'Writing for the Press.'

Chief Secretary,

LONDON SCHOOL OF JOURNALISM

19 Hertford Street, Park Lane, W.1.

GRO 8250

"There are LSJ students all over the world"



Civil War Battlefields

by C. V. WEDGWOOD

The series of six broadcasts on 'Civil War Battlefields' will be repeated, beginning on Tuesday, August 11, at 2 p.m. in the BBC Home Service.

As a background to the series, C. V. Wedgwood has written a most interesting pamphlet about the armies, the personalities, and

the strategy of the English Civil War. She deals in particular with six incidents: the Battles of Edgehill, Lansdown, Marston Moor, and Naseby; the Chalgrove Raid; and the Siege of Gloucester. The pamphlet, entitled 'Civil War Battlefields,' contains pictures and detailed maps and plans.

Crown quarto. 24 pages. 12 maps and diagrams.
16 half-tone illustrations. 2-colour cover drawing.

1s. 3d.

Obtainable through newsagents and booksellers or by crossed postal order for 1s. 3d. from BBC PUBLICATIONS (Battlefields), 35 Marylebone High St., London, W.1

A BBC PUBLICATION

UNIVERSITY CORRESPONDENCE COLLEGE

founded 1887, successfully prepares students for—

**General Certificate
of Education**

London, Oxford, Cambridge, Northern Univ.,
and all other Examining Boards.

University of London

Entrance requirements, and Degree Exams. for
B.A., B.Sc., B.Sc.(Econ.), LL.B., B.D., B.Mus.

A.C.P., L.C.P., Law, and other exams.

Staff of highly qualified Tutors. Moderate fees;
instalments. Free re-preparation in event of failure.

★ **PROSPECTUS** free from the Registrar,
56 Burlington House

CAMBRIDGE

SPECIALISED POSTAL TUITION for UNIVERSITY, CIVIL SERVICE & PROFESSIONAL EXAMINATIONS

A Metropolitan College modern Postal Course is the most efficient, the most economical and the most convenient means of preparing for General Certificate of Education and Prelim. exams.; for B.A., B.Sc.(Econ.), LL.B., etc., external London University Degrees; for Civil Service, Local Government and commercial exams.; for professional exams. in Law, Accountancy, Costing, Secretaryship and Personnel Management; for I.S.M.A., Inst. of Export, etc.; exams. Many intensely practical (non-exam.) courses in business subjects.

MORE THAN 250,000 EXAM. SUCCESSSES

Guarantee of Coaching until Successful.
Text-book Lending Library. Moderate fees,
payable by instalments.

Write today for prospectus, sent FREE on
request, mentioning exam. or subjects in
which interested to the Secretary (D1/1):

METROPOLITAN COLLEGE

ST. ALBANS

or call 30, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.4

BROADCAST PRODUCER (male)

required by KENYA GOVERNMENT on contract for one tour of 24/45 months in first instance. Commencing salary according to experience in scale (including Inducement pay) £1,056 rising to £1,341 a year. Gratuity at rate 13½% of total salary drawn. Outfit allowance £40. Free passages. Liberal leave on full salary. Candidates must have experience of broadcasting, script writing, production, editing and other associated techniques. A knowledge of Ki-Swahili or Kenya vernacular language and previous colonial or vernacular broadcasting experience would be an advantage. Write to the Crown Agents, 4, Millbank, London, S.W.1. State age, name in block letters, full qualifications and experience and quote M3C/52699/LL.

TONE without equal THE CHAPPELL CHAPLETTE



HEIGHT
3 ft. 8 in.
WIDTH
4 ft. 4 in.
IVORY KEYS
SCHWANDER
ACTION

£209 CASH

or easy payments

Please send for beautifully
illustrated literature of
Chappell Pianos and address
of nearest Stockist.

THE CHAPPELL PIANO COMPANY LTD.
50 NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1

For central heating and all the hot water you need
at the lowest cost

Janitor

MEANS HOME COMFORT

SOLID FUEL AND OIL-FIRED BOILERS

Get details from your Builders' Merchant or Heating Engineer

JANITOR BOILERS LTD • CAMBERLEY • SURREY